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Is this
the end of
the Olympic
cross-country?



HELP!

FOR TIRED MINDS

VOL. 1, NO. 5 DECEMBER 1960

editor HARVEY KURTZMAN
publisher JAMES WARREN
assistant editor GLORIA STEINEM
production HARRY CHESTER



Milt Kamen
in
OFFICE PARTY



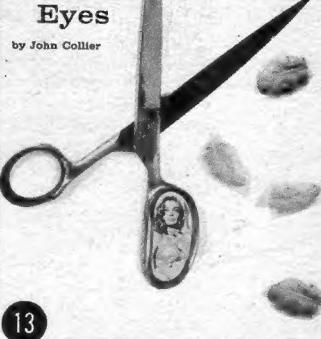
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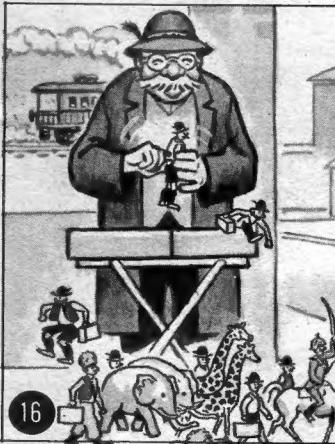
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Squirrels
Have Bright
Eyes

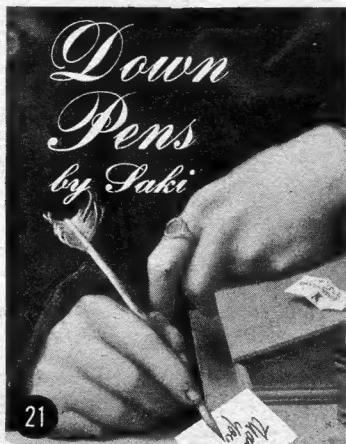
by John Collier



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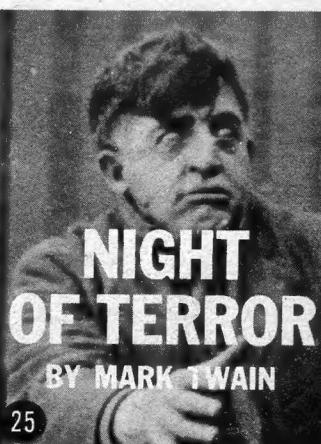
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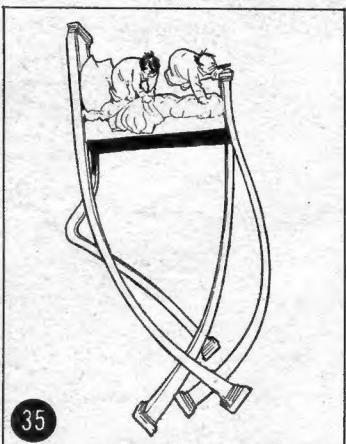
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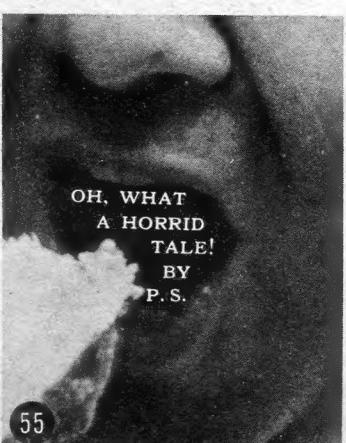
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60

HARVEY KURTZMAN'S

HEPI!

FOR TIRED MINDS

35¢

DECEMBER NO. 5 ICD

outside

DAVE GARROWAY

and inside

MILT KAMEN

JOHN COLLIER

ARTHUR C. CLARKE

ED FISHER

ARNOLD ROTH



Peace
on earth
good will
toward
men





Merry
Christmas,
everybody.

Friends—
on this tenth
anniversary of
World War III



COVER STORY

Just about the time the real Khrushchev appeared in New York at the United Nations, we were photographing his televised image for this month's cover photo.

We asked Dave Garroway—one of the few televisionaries who concerns himself frequently and intelligently with crucial current affairs—if he would like the Soviet premier on the *Today* show for an appearance. Mr. Garroway, who spent a day with the Khrushchev retinue during his last visit, said he had learned from experience that there was very little one could discuss with him. Almost nothing could penetrate the tough monolith of Communist certainty that is Mr. Khrushchev. He had, he said, discovered only one thing about Nikita during their brief acquaintance. The Soviet leader, denies to the contrary, did understand some English: when Dave calmly called him a murderer, Khrushchev acknowledged with a blink.

"There's not much more you can say to him," said Dave, "except that we're here, we're ready and we're strong."

* * *

MILT KAMEN

"The comic's comic" is a phrase press agents like to use, but in the case of Milt Kamen, star of our office party story on page seven, the facts support the press blurbs.

The Kamen talent most envied by others of his pro-

fession is his gift for reaching almost everybody, from the street cleaner to the literary critic. He is, his fans insist, the only human being who can become an inanimate



Kamen parties during Party lull.



object (as a banana on the Jack Paar Show, he even peeled convincingly), but he can do equally well the most cerebral types of humor. (One of his *tours de force* is asking a nightclub audience to shout out a well-known name, any name, and then becoming that person by adopting his mannerisms and innermost thoughts.)

Anyone who has seen Milt in his appearances with Steve Allen, Garry Moore, the Pantomime Quiz or in his many nightclub shows recognizes him as one of the greats in comedy, but few know how he began his career: Mr. Kamen is an accomplished classical musician whose French horn has grace-noted a number of orchestras.

Personally, we feel the French horn's loss is our gain, and we hereby cast our vote for a Milt Kamen Hour on television.

* * *

LETTERS

OLD MOVIES

Latched on to a copy of issue #2 of HELP! the other day. I like it! I dig very much your use of movie stills with original captions, especially since most of your choices were from pix I had seen, for one reason or another. What I'd like to see is credit to titles of older stills throughout the mag, if the pix and/or stars were of any merit (mass or aesthetic) at all.

Fred von Bernewitz St. Louis

Identifying old movie stills would be a major research project, more major than we now have time for. — ed.

COVERS

I don't dislike your title; I just wish you'd put your name where it can be seen in the mag. Don't hide it like that! You've got a good name.

Maggie Curtis
Saegertown, Pennsylvania

Ok. I'm being immodest. Note cover. — ed.

Speaking of covers, my second copy of HELP! 2 (I buy two of them for my file) looks like a rarity.

Kovacs is wearing a green suit and has defaced a Kennedy poster by giving the Senator a green moustache. The word "ELECT" is already green. And —get this!! The inside front and inside back covers are completely blank. Is my HELP! comparable to the 1918 24-cent U. S. Airmail with inverted center, maybe? The preceding sentence could be understood only by a stamp collector, which I hope you are.

Jon Pilati
Pearl River, N. Y.

It's incomparable . . . only don't try to stick it on an envelope.—ed.

"ON THE CONEY"

I would appreciate it if you would send me the final page

to your story "On the Coney." I read the story and found it interesting. It was about two people left in the world after a bomb killed everybody else. The guy, Arthur, wanted to start a new race but he found out she was really a He!

Raymond Christie
Worcester, Mass.

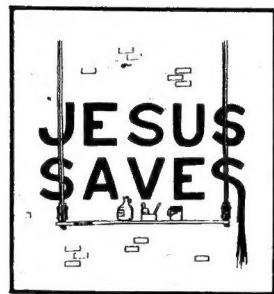
For crying out loud . . . that's the final page you're looking at!—ed.

"JESUS SAVES"

I just bought a copy today of Volume 1, Number 2 of HELP! Your magazine is very intriguing in many ways. I enjoyed it a great deal. However, I am sure that it is possible to put together a magazine such as this without taking any particular effort to defame the name or the power of Jesus Christ. I am not a prude and I am not one who looks upon such publications as yours as though these are the worst things that

continued

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cartoon on page 31

hit the market. They are far from it. However, I certainly do not approve at all of such a cartoon as I find on page 31, which you took from the Stanford CHAPARRAL showing the fact that a man painting a sign saying "Jesus Saves" couldn't be helped himself since he fell from his ladder.

Bufe Karraker
Executive Director
Fresno Youth for Christ
Fresno, California

I dug, especially, those two cartoons: one, of the "Jesus Saves" sign-painter falling off the scaffold, and the two gold fish; "Of course there's a God! Who do you think changes the

water?" Keeping working!

Steve Farr
Rockaway Beach, N. Y.

DAVIS

Just bought HELP! number two. Where the devil is Jack Davis?

Jim Wood
Piqua, Ohio

See pages 24, 28, 46 and 56 in the November issue and center spread, pages 32-33 in this one for Jack Davis.—ed.

I hope that Davis can continue with his "Civil War Vignettes" (somehow or other they seem to fit his personality, I can't put my finger on it though), and you with your own artwork. I particularly liked your wetwash job in your recent "Jungle Book," but how you managed to do your own lettering and still retain your sense of humor is beyond me.

Steve Stiles
New York, N. Y.

JUNGLE BOOK

I hope you don't reprint any more from the "Jungle Book." Most of the Kurtzman admirers already have it. Even I have it, because I wanted to see if it was as bad as my friends said it was. (It was).

I'd like to see more parodies.

New stuff. In fact, I'd like to see something in the magazine, sometime, that is new. I agree with the reader who said in #3 that TRUMP was your high point — so far, HELP! is your low point.

Robert Coulson
Wabash, Ind.

PROOF READING, ANYONE?

Titillate got two "l's",
Hagerty got one "g"—
Huicum d'one whut spells
Got all dis misere?

Orthographically yours,
David Clarke
Bogota, N. J.

ELECTIONS

Like chums, it's not that I want to accuse you guys of being one-sided or anything. But there is a little matter like voting before a President is elected. And page 51 of your October issue seems to be overlooking this.

Like buddies don't count your peepers before they hatch. Cause you wouldn't want Mr. Nixon to be mad after he's elected.

Litta
Staten Island, N. Y.

HELP! did predict the election correctly. See pages 16-20 of the November issue for documentary evidence.—ed.



Nixon Mad?

Almost missed your latest magazine. I thought it was the lifeguards monthly. Third issue best, still long way to go to eliminate movie-still humor but I see a trend.

Dennis Flannigan
Tacoma, Wash.

Thank you ever so much for your latest effort in Lysergic acid diethylamide type humor.

A. N. Gristine
Le Menthe

Thank you.—ed.

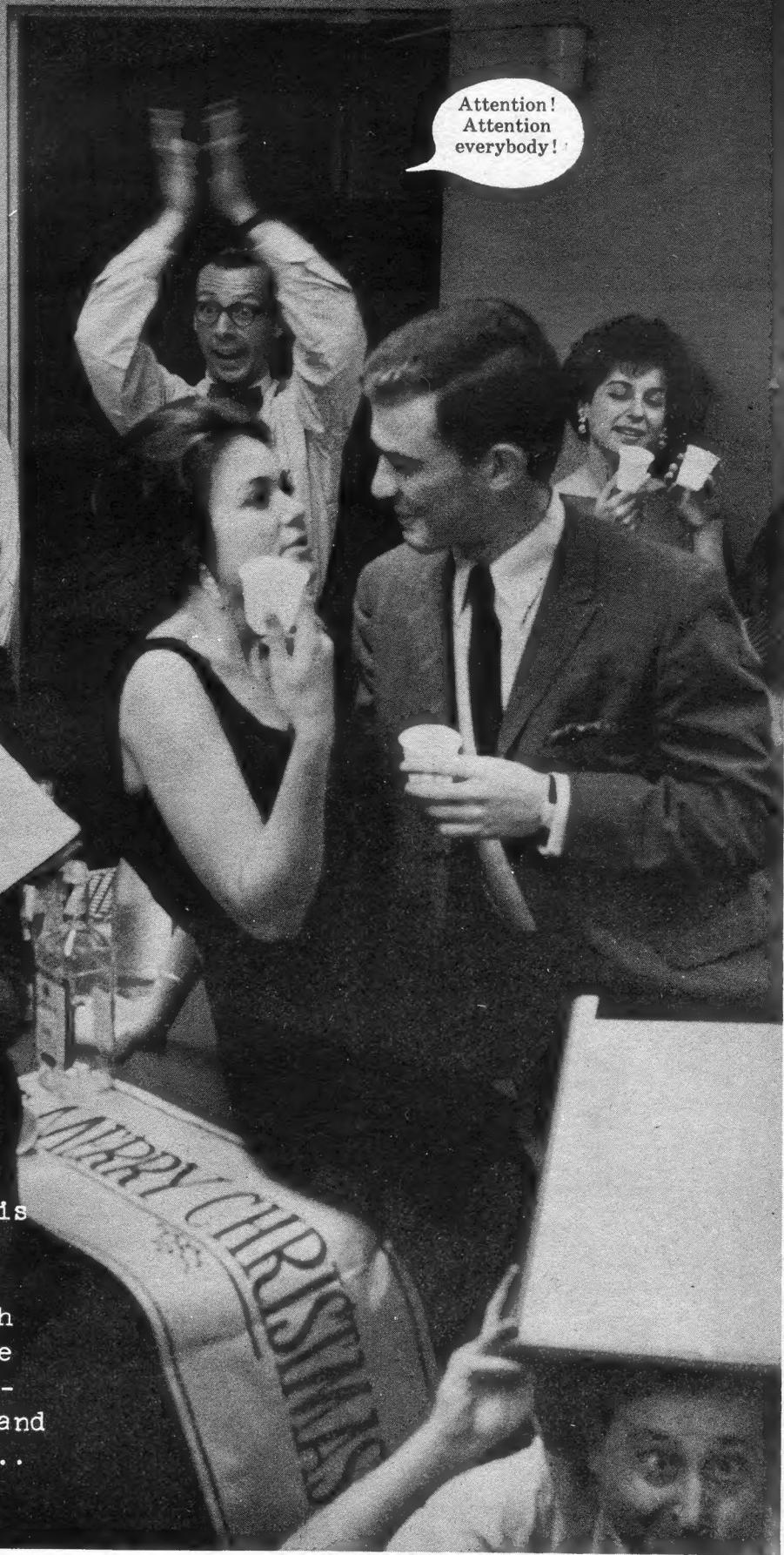
Please address all mail to HELP! Letters, Dep't 5, 545 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.



HELP! presents...

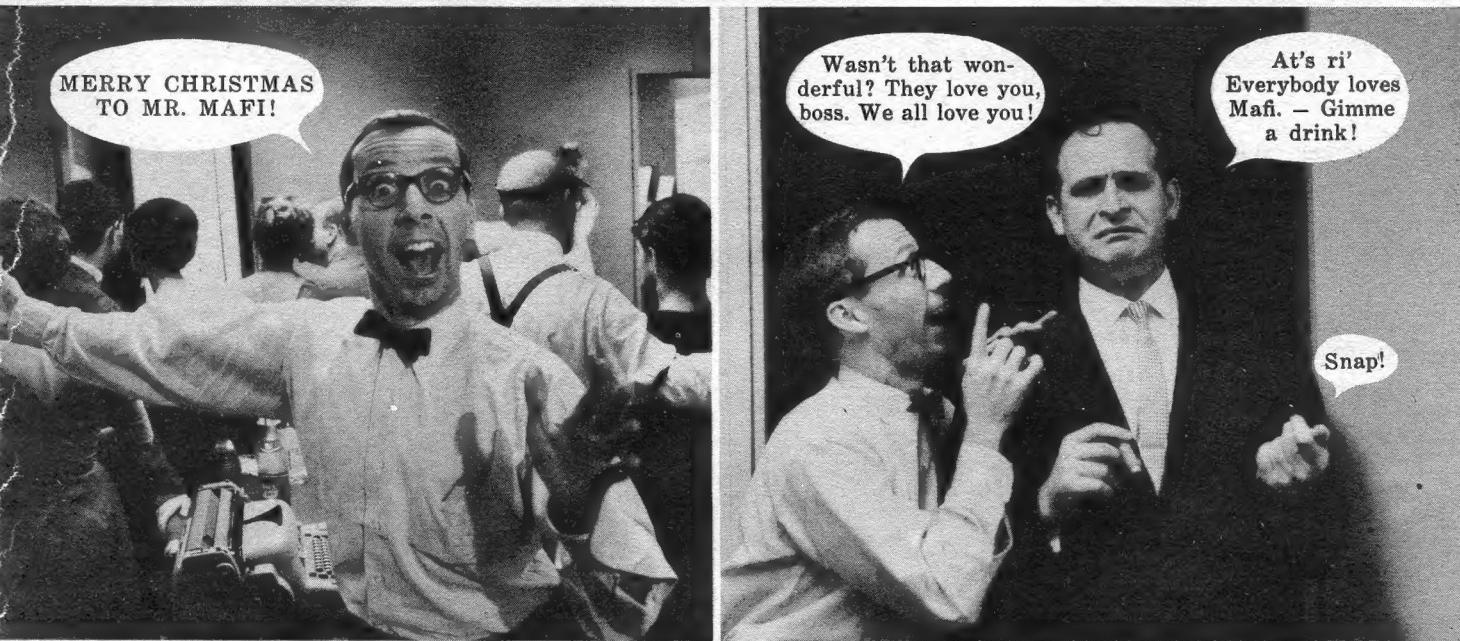
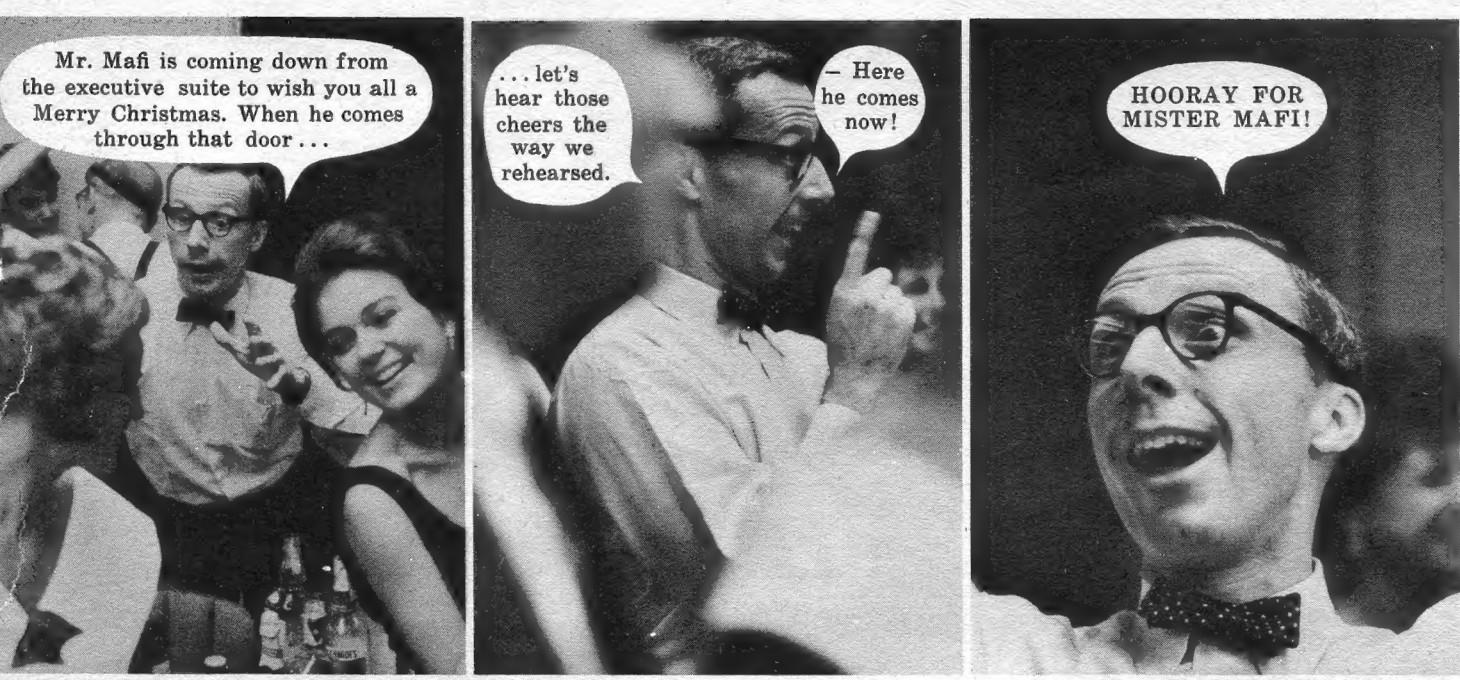
MILT KAMEN
comic extraordinary
as Mr. Maf in

OFFICE PARTY



by Bernard Shir-Cliff
photographed by Ron Harris

'Twas the night before
Christmas and all through
New York, yuletide office
parties were in full, in-
iquitous swing. Read on and
you'll see what we mean...



Especially Christmas parties. I mean there's something about Christmas that brings out the best in people.

Get me girl.

You said it.

Still, there's something about this party that doesn't remind me of Christmas.

I just can't put my finger on it.

Selma. Mr. Mafi would like to talk to you.

To me? How exciting! Oh – this is going to be just the best party ever!

Mr. Mafi must be a wonderful person. He's so handsome. So continental. I'll bet he's terribly interesting once you really get close to him.

Er ... Yes ... and Mr. Mafi does like to get close to his employees ... likes to see them happy.

Mr. Mafi, this
is Selma Puresome ...
Miss Puresome works
in accounting.

You
a cute
kid.

Get
lost, four-
eyes.

This is the
first time I've
been to an office
party. Everybody's
having so
much fun.

A's ri'.
When Mafi say
fun everybody's
have fun.

It must make
you very proud and
happy to see all these
people enjoying
themselves ...

... and to know
that you are the
cause ...

I mean, in Dickens
the boss is an old Scrooge
who is always saying
'Humbug'—

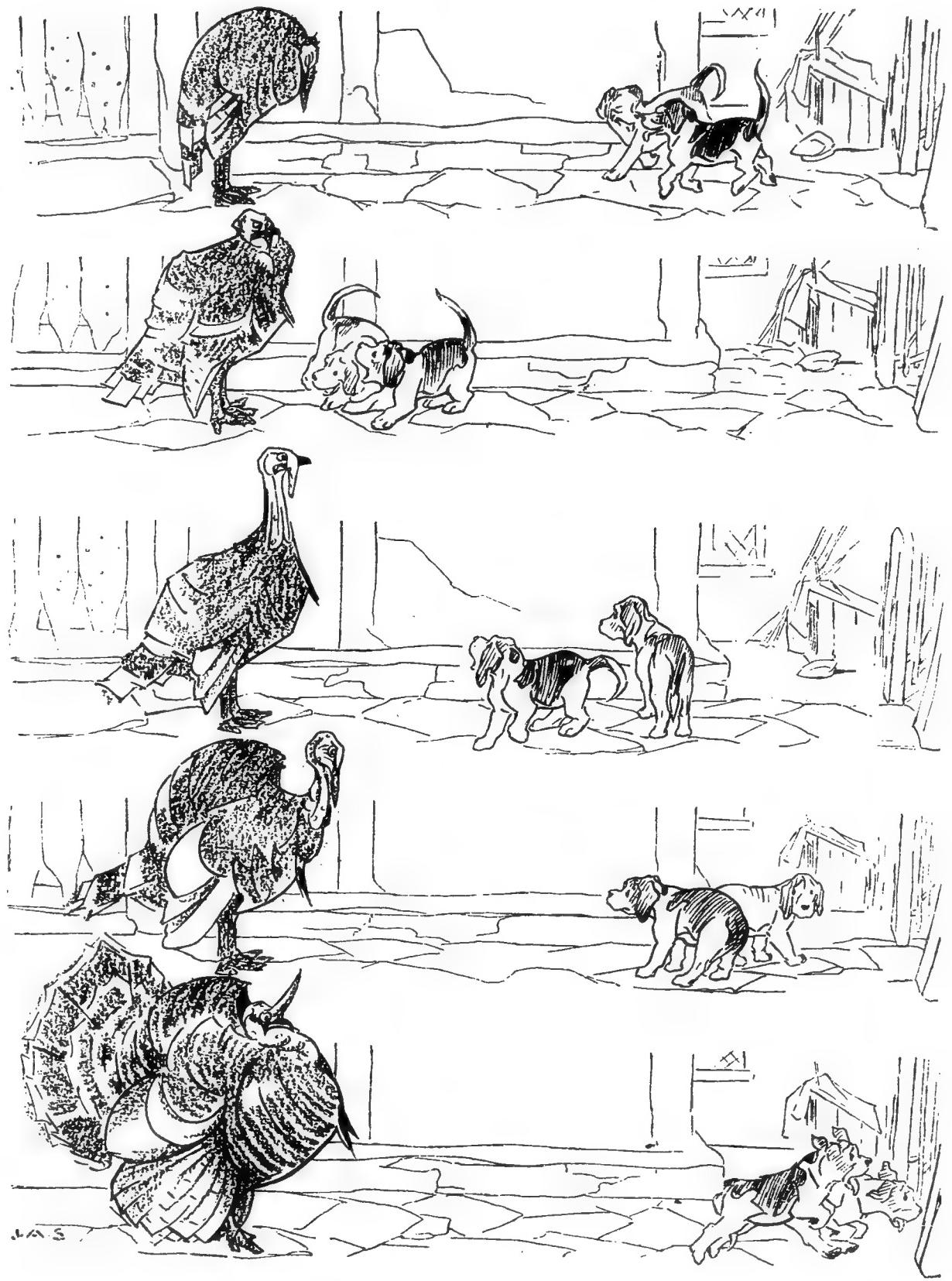
—and being mean to
Tiny Tim just because
it's Christmas.

You're not at
all like that—Giving
a party like this ...

—I suspect that
you're a very warm person
deep down inside.

You
fired!

Glory of the Turkey



Punch—1924



THAT'S
why we're going
backwards! "PORT"
is "LEFT"!

CHARLES LAUGHTON IN UNDER TEN FLAGS

joke-of-the-month

EVER WONDER WHAT'S BEYOND OUTER SPACE . . .?

The test pilot climbed into his super extra X-16 rocket, strapped himself into position, and regarded the four rocket releases on the control panel. He pressed the first button. When the tremendous thrust of speed had abated, he looked down at the entire State of New York, laid out beneath him like an AAA road map. He swallowed and pressed the second button. Beneath him stretched out the familiar outlines of the United States and Canada. He punched the third rocket-release with his fist. Up-up-up! From an incredible height he now could see the earth's curvature.

Should he press the fourth button? He thought of the space race with Russia, weighing it carefully against his mother's homemade Martinis. Steeling himself, he made the decision. That last one, after all, hadn't been quite dry enough. He pushed the last button.

It seemed hours later when the rocket slowed. He opened his eyes and peered out. All around him, on every side, there was mist, mist, nothing but mist, endless, colorless... The words escaped his lips almost soundlessly: "My God!" And a voice answered... "Yes?"



Squirrels Have Bright Eyes

by John Collier

I had the misfortune to fall in love with a superb creature, an Amazon, a positive Diana . . .

continued

I had what appeared to be the misfortune to fall in love with a superb creature, an Amazon, a positive Diana. Her penthouse *pied-à-terre* was a single enormous room, liberally decorated with the heads and skins of the victims of her Lee-Enfield, her Ballard, her light Winchester repeater. Bang—a hearth rug! Crack—a fur coat! Pop, pop—a pair of cosy mittens!

But, as a matter of fact, clothes suffocated her. Supremely Nordic, she ranged her vast apartment clad only in a sort of kirtle. This displayed four magnificent limbs, sunburned several tones darker than her blonde and huntress hair. So I fell in love. What limbs! What hair! What love!

She only laughed. "Squirrel," she said—she called me Squirrel—"it's no good. You're a real pet, though; you remind me a little of Bopotiti. He live in a tree on the Congo.

"Bogey," she said to her hateful little female admirer, who was always curled up on some skin or other, "Bogey," she said, "show him that snap of Bopotiti."

"Really," I said, "this is not like me at all. I am more graceful, more bird-like."

"Yes, but he used to bring me *mjna-mjnas*. Every morning."

"I will bring you love at all hours. Marry me."

"No."

"Live with me."

"No, no. I live with my guns. The world cannot utter its gross libidinous sneers at a girl who lives chastely with her Lee-Enfield, her Ballard, her light Winchester."

"Love is better."

"Ha! Ha! Forgive me. I must laugh now." And she flung herself upon a polar-bear skin in a paroxysm of giant mirth.

Utterly crushed, I went out to do myself in. Racking my brain for the most expressive method, I suddenly remembered a man called Herringay, a taxidermist who was often at her cocktail parties, where he had eyed me with a friendly interest.

I went to his shop. He was there alone. "Herringay! Stuff me!"

"Sure. What shall it be? Steak? Chop suey? Something fancy?"

"No, Herringay, bitumen. Herringay, I want you to employ your art upon me. Send me to Miss Bjornstjorm with my compliments. For her collection. I love her." Here I broke down.

Herringay, that owl-like man, acted magnificently. He gave me his philosophy, put new heart into me. "Go just as you are," said he. "Perhaps love will come. Fortunately your eyes are somewhat glassy by nature. You only have to hold the pose."

"You think love will come?"

"She must at any rate recognize you as an admirably motionless companion for a—it's on the tip of my tongue—one of those things up in a tree to shoot from."

"It's on the tip of mine, too. I'll gamble on it. Herringay, you are a friend."

"No, no. It will be an advertisement for me."



"No, no. You are a friend. In one moment I shall be ready."

I was. He carried me to her apartment. "Brynhild, here is something more for your natural history museum."

"Why, it's Squirrel! Is he stuffed?"

"For love of you, Brynhild."

"How life-like! Harringay, you are the king of taxidermists."

"Yes, and I service him every day. It's a new method. It's all arranged for. Shall I put him in that alcove?"

"Yes, and we'll have a cocktail party. Right away. Everybody must come. Bogey, call everybody."

"Even Captain Fenshawe-Fanshawe?"

"Yes, by all means the Captain."

She collapsed, roaring with laughter, upon a flamboyant tiger-skin. She was still laughing when the guests poured in. The gigantic Captain Fenshawe-Fanshawe, my rival with the monocle and the Habsburg chin, taller than Brynhild herself, towered among them.

Everybody laughed, chattered, and admired. "Marvelous work, Mr. Harringay! When our dear Pongo dies, I shall send him to you."

"I hope you will do our Fifi, Mr. Harringay."

Harringay bowed and smiled.

"He did it for love, they say."

"Love!" boomed the Captain, filling me under the nose. I trembled with rage and mortification.

"Be careful! He's very delicately wired," said Harringay.

"Love!" boomed the Captain. "A squirrel! Ha! Ha! It takes a full-sized man to hold a worth-while amount of

love. What sort of heart did you find in him, Harringay?"

"Quite a good sort," said Harringay. "Broken, of course."

Brynhild's laughter, which had been continuous, stopped.

"A squirrel!" sneered the Captain. "Didn't know you went in for small deer, Brynhild. Send you a stuffed mouse for Christmas."

He had not observed Brynhild's expression. I had. It looked like one of those bird's-eye views of the world you see before a news-reel, with everything going round and round: clouds, continents, seas, one thing after another. Suddenly, in a single convulsive movement, she was off her flamboyant tiger-skin, and stretched superbly prone on the funereal pelt of a black panther. "Leave me!" she cried chokingly. "Go away, everybody. Go away! Go away!"

The guests felt something was wrong. They edged out.

"Does that mean me?" said the Captain.

"Go away!" she cried.

"Me, too?" said Bogey.

"Everybody," sobbed Brynhild. Nevertheless a woman must have a friend; she clutched her by the hand.

"Brynhild! What is it? You are crying. I have never seen you cry. Tell me. We are alone."

"Bogey, he did it for love."

"Yes."

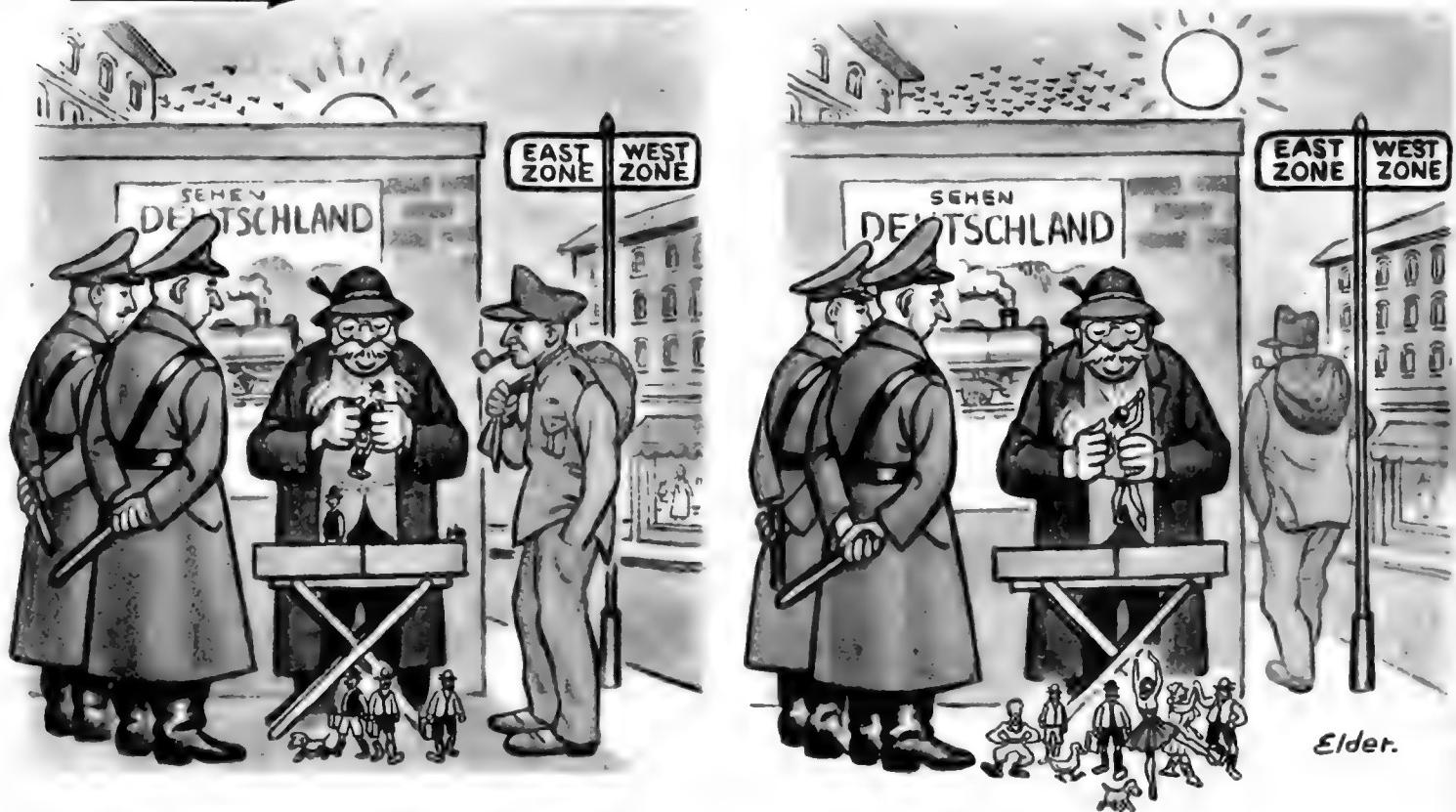
"I've just realized what that means, Bogey. I didn't know. I've been all my life hunting things—killing them—

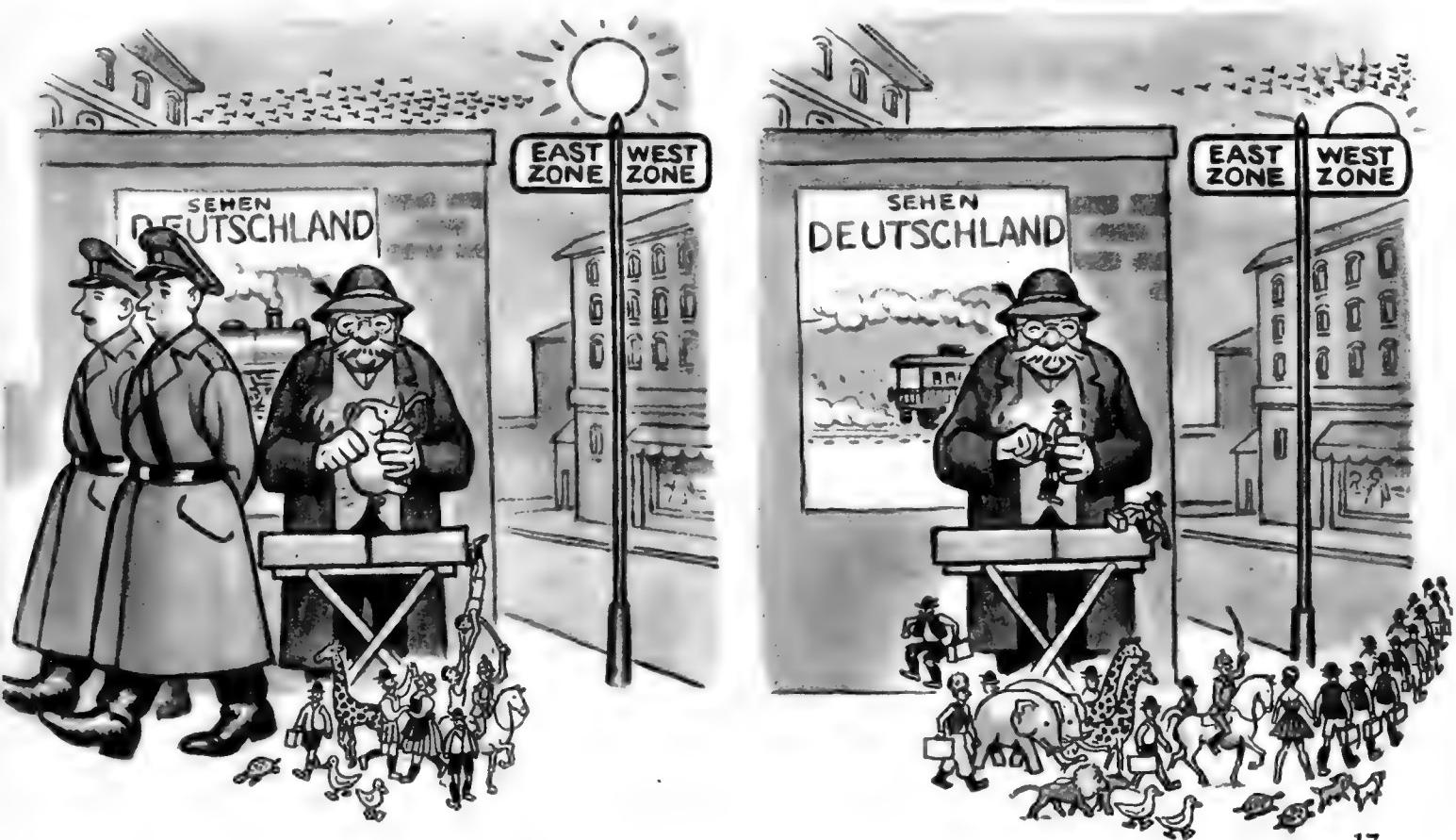
continued on page 18





DEFECTORS





Squirrels continued from page 15

having them stuffed. Bogey, that's all done now. He's everything to me. I'll marry him."

"I don't think you can, if he's stuffed, Brynhild darling."

"Live with him, then."

"The world—?"

"The world's gross libidinous sneers can't touch a girl who lives with a man who's stuffed, Bogey. But I shall seat him at table, and talk to him just as if he were alive."

"Brynhild, you're wonderful!"

I agreed. At the same time my position was a difficult one. It is no joke to have to seem stuffed when your beloved adores you, passionately, remorsefully, seats you up at table, talks to you in the firelight, tells you all, weeps even. And yet, if I unbent, if I owned up, I felt her newborn love might wither in the bud.

Sometimes she would stroke my brow, press a burning kiss upon it, dash off, fling herself down on a leopard-skin, and do her exercises, frantically, hopelessly. I needed all my control.

Harringay called every morning, "to service me" as he said. He insisted that Brynhild should go out for an hour, pretending that a professional secret was involved. He gave me my sandwich, my glass of milk, dusted me thoroughly, massaged my joints where they were stiff.

"You can't massage the stiffness out of this absurd situation," said I.

"Trust me," he said.

"All right," I said, "I will."

Brynhild returned, as usual, five minutes or so too early. She couldn't stay away the full hour. "I miss him so," she said, "when I'm out. And yet, when I come back, he's stuffed. It's too terrible."

"Perhaps I can help you," said Harringay.

"I dare not believe it," she said, clutching her heart.

"What?" cried he. "And you the little girl who shoots tigers? Pluck up your courage. Would you be too scared to believe in an artificial leg?"

"No," said she. "I could face that."

"One of those modern ones," said he, "that walk, kick, dance even, all by machinery?"

"Yes," she said, "I believe in it."

"Now," said he, "for his sake, believe in two of them."

"I will. I do."

"Be brave. Two arms as well."

"Yes. Yes."

"And so forth. I can make his jaw work. He'll eat. He'll open and shut his eyes. Everything."

"Will he speak to me?"

"Well, maybe he'll say 'Mamma.' "

"Science! It's wonderful! But—what will the world say?"

"I don't know. 'Bravo!' Something of that sort."

"No. Gross libidinous sneers. If I live with him, and he says 'Mamma.' And I can't marry him because he's stuffed. Oh, I knew it would be no good."

"Don't worry," said Harringay. "Those are just technicalities. I'll straighten it all out. More tomorrow."

She saw him out, and came back shaking her head. She

This is
the breakfast you
were up all night
preparing?



BRANDA LEE, JACQUES SERNAS IN THE GODDESS OF LOVE

was in despair. So was I. I knew the Diana element in her. So did she. She spent the afternoon on the skin of an immense grizzly. I longed to be with her. I felt myself as if I were on the skin of a porcupine.

Suddenly, just as the shadows were falling thick in the vast apartment, there was a knock at the door. She opened. It was the abominable Fenshawe-Fanshawe.

"What do you want?" said she.

"Guess," said he.

"I wouldn't dream of it," said she.

"No need to," said he, removing his jacket.

"What are you doing?" said she.

"I've waited long enough," said he. "Listen, I don't like that kirtle. It doesn't suit you."

She made a bound, however, and reached the wall. Her guns were there. She pointed the Lee-Enfield. "Stand back!" she cried.

The Captain, sneering, continued to advance.

She pulled the trigger. A hollow click sounded. The Captain smiled and came nearer.

She caught up the Ballard. Click! The Winchester light repeater. Click! Click! Click!

"I removed the cartridges," said the Captain, "when you were laughing so heartily at the cocktail party."

"Oh, Squirrel! If you could help me!"

"He can't. He's stuffed."

"Oh, Squirrel! Help me! Squirrel! Squirre—" At that moment, he seized her. She broke free. "Help me!"

"You're durn tootin' I will," said I, rising stiffly from

my seat. The effect, in the shadowy alcove, was probably uncanny. The Captain gave a throbbing cry. He turned and fled for the door. My blood was up, however, and regardless of the pins and needles I pursued him, snatching a prize elephant's tusk as I ran. While yet he scrabbled at the latch I let him have it. He fell.

I felt Brynhild beside me, a true comrade. "Forgive me," I said. "I have deceived you."

"You have saved me. My hero!"

"But I'm not stuffed," I murmured.

"At least," said she, "you have more stuffing in you than that great beast."

"He will need it now, Brynhild. Or the mountainous carcass will become offensive."

"Yes. We'll call in Harringay."

"Good old Harringay!"

"A clean kill, Squirrel mine! Great hunting!"

"Thank you."

I put one foot on the mighty torso, then the other. Our lips were on a level.

"Brynhild! May I?"

"Yes."

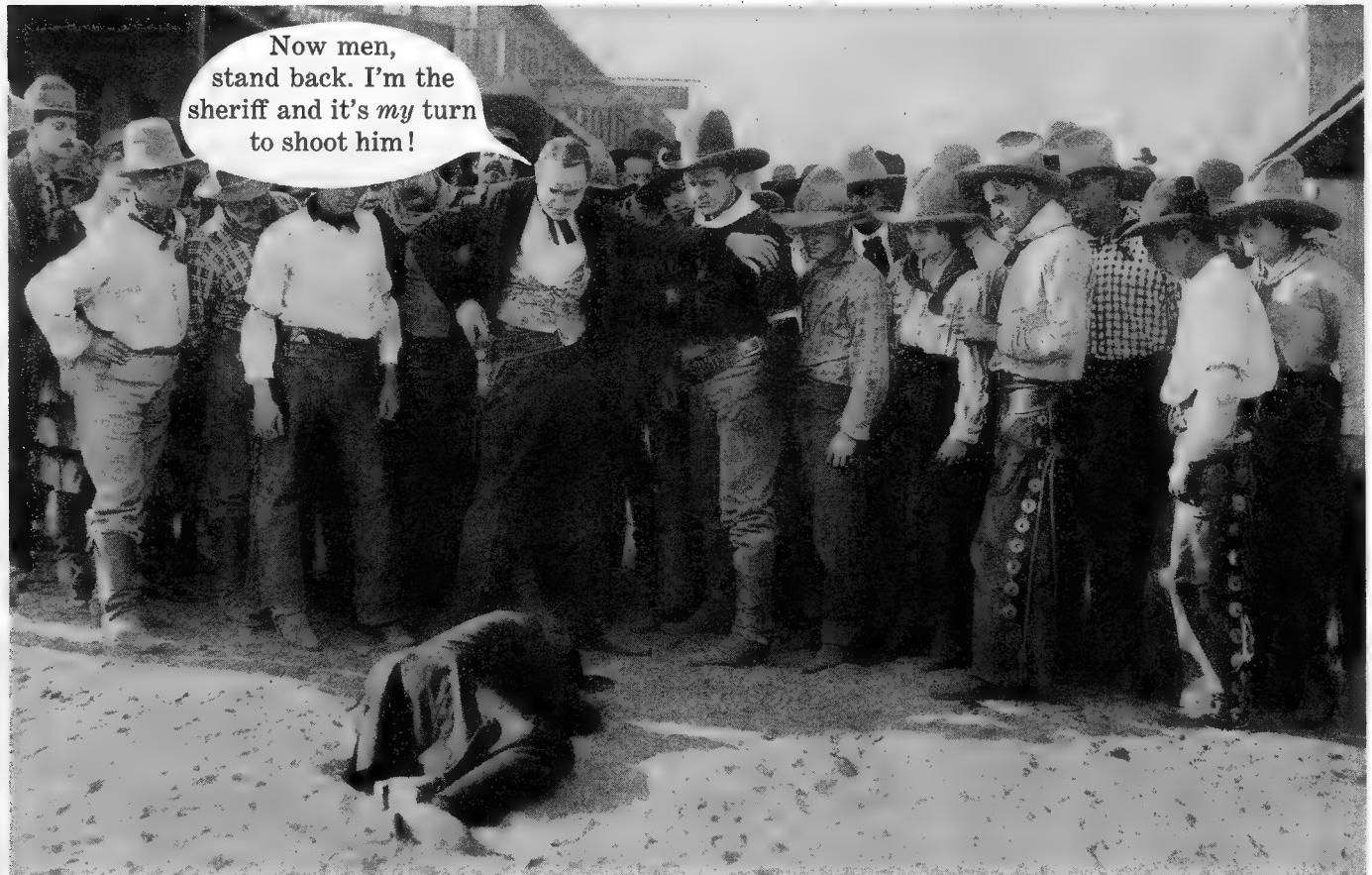
"Really?"

"Yes."

It was a divine moment. We sank upon the skin of a giant panda. Bogey knocked in vain.

Next day, of course, we were married. END

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TREES



Down Pens

by Saki

*On sending
Christmas
Gift
thank-you
notes.*

continued

"Have you written to thank the Froplinsons for what they sent us?" asked Egbert.

"No," said Janetta, with a note of tired defiance in her voice; "I've written eleven letters today expressing surprise and gratitude for sundry unmerited gifts, but I haven't written to the Froplinsons."

"Someone will have to write to them," said Egbert.

"I don't dispute the necessity, but I don't think the someone should be me," said Janetta. "I've come to the end of my capacity for expressing servile amiability. Eleven letters today and nine yesterday, all couched in the same strain of ecstatic thankfulness: really, you can't expect me to sit down to another. There is such a thing as writing oneself out."

"Well, let's collaborate on this letter of thanks and get it done. I'll dictate, and you can scribble it down. 'Dear Mrs. Froplinson—thank you and your husband so much for the very pretty calendar you sent us. It was very good of you to think of us.'"

"You can't possibly say that," said Janetta, laying down her pen.

"It's what I always do say, and what everyone says to me," protested Egbert.

"We sent them something on the twenty-second," said Janetta, "so they simply had to think of us. There was no getting away from it."

"What did we send them?" asked Egbert gloomily.

"Bridge-markers," said Janetta, "in a cardboard case, with some inanity about 'digging for fortune with a royal

spade' emblazoned on the cover. The moment I saw it in the shop I said to myself 'Froplinsons'.

"The Froplinsons don't play bridge," said Egbert.

"Well, let's get on with the letter of thanks," said Egbert.

"Proceed," said Janetta.

"How clever of you to . . ." dictated Egbert.

Again Janetta laid down her pen.

"Do you realize what this means? she asked; another calendar Christmas, with the same problem of having to write suitable letters of thankfulness. No, the best thing to do is to drop all further allusion to the calendar and switch off on to some other topic."

"But what other topic?"

"Well, we can't think of one," said Janetta wearily; "the fact is, we've both written ourselves out. Heavens! I've just remembered Mrs. Stephen Ludberry. I haven't thanked her for what she sent."

"What did she send?"

"I forget; I think it was a calendar."

There was a long silence, the forlorn silence of those who are bereft of hope and have almost ceased to care.

Presently Egbert started from his seat with an air of resolution. The light of battle was in his eyes.

"Let me come to the writing table," he exclaimed.

"Gladly," said Janetta. "Are you going to write to Mrs. Ludberry or the Froplinsons?"

"To neither," said Egbert, drawing a stack of newspaper towards him; "I'm going to write to the editor of every enlightened and influential newspaper. I'm going to suggest that there should be a sort of epistolary Truce

EDWARD G. ROBINSON, ELI WALLACH IN SEVEN



of God during the festivities of Christmas and New Year. From the twenty-fourth of December to the third or fourth of January it shall be considered an offence against good sense and good feeling to write or expect any letters of communication that does not deal with the necessary events of the moment. Answers to invitations, arrangements about trains, renewal of club subscriptions, and, of course, all the ordinary everyday affairs of business, sickness, engaging new cooks, and so forth, these will be dealt with in the usual manner as something inevitable, a legitimate part of our daily life. But all the devastating accretions of correspondence, incident to the festive season, these should be swept away to give the season a chance of being really festive, a time of untroubled, unpunctuated peace and good will."

"But you would have to make some acknowledgment of presents received," objected Janetta; "otherwise people would never know whether they had arrived safely."

"Of course, I have thought of that," said Egbert; "every present that was sent off would be accompanied by a ticket bearing the date of dispatch and the signature of the sender, and some conventional hieroglyphic to show that it was intended to be a Christmas or New Year gift; there would be a return-stub with space for the recipient's name and the date of arrival, and all you would have to do would be to sign and date the return-stub, add a conventional hieroglyphic indicating heartfelt thanks and gratified surprise, put the thing into an envelope and post it."

"It sounds delightfully simple," said Janetta wistfully, "but people would consider it too cut-and-dried, too

perfunctory."

"It is not a bit more perfunctory than the present system," said Egbert; "I have only the same conventional language of gratitude at my disposal with which to thank dear old Colonel Shuttle for his perfectly delicious Stilton, which we shall devour to the last morsel, and the Froplinsons know that we are bored with their calendar, whatever we may say to the contrary, just as we know that they are bored with the bridge-markers in spite of their written assurance that they thanked us for our charming little gift. What is more, the Colonel knows that even if we had taken a sudden aversion to Stilton or been forbidden it by the doctor, we should still have written a letter of hearty thanks around it. So you see the present system of acknowledgment is just as perfunctory as the return-stub business would be, only ten times more tiresome and brain-racking."

"Your plan would certainly bring the ideal of a Happy Christmas a step nearer realization," said Janetta.

"There are exceptions, of course," said Egbert, "people who really try to infuse a breath of reality into their letters of acknowledgment. Aunt Susan, for instance, who writes: 'Thank you very much for the ham; not such a good flavor as the one you sent last year, which itself was not a particularly good one. Hams are not what they used to be.' It would be a pity to be deprived of her Christmas comments, but that loss would be swallowed up in the general gain."

"Meanwhile," said Janetta, "what *am* I to say to the Froplinsons?"

END



A Street Corner Impromptu





M

NIGHT OF TERROR

BY
MARK TWAIN

A TALE OF A BAD
NIGHT IN A STRANGE ROOM

CONTINUED

When we got back to the hotel I wound and set the pedometer and put it in my pocket, for I was to carry it next day and keep record of the miles we made. The work which we had given the instrument to do during the day which had just closed, had not fatigued it perceptibly.

We were in bed by ten, for we wanted to be up and away on our tramp homeward with the dawn. I hung fire, but Harris went to sleep at once. I hate a man who goes to sleep at once; there is a sort of indefinable something about it which is not exactly an insult, and yet is an insolence; and one which is hard to bear, too. I lay there fretting over this injury, and trying to go to sleep; but the harder I tried, the wider awake I grew. I got to feeling very lonely in the dark, with no company but an undigested dinner. My mind got a start by and by, and began to consider the beginning of every subject which has ever been thought of; but it never went further than the beginning; it was touch and go; it fled from topic to topic with a frantic speed. At the end of an hour my head was in a perfect whirl and I was dead tired, fagged out.

The fatigue was so great that it presently began to make some head against the nervous excitement; while imagining myself wide awake, I would really doze into momentary unconsciousness, and come suddenly out of them with a physical jerk which nearly wrenched my joints apart,—the delusion of the instant being that I was tumbling backwards over a precipice. After I had fallen over eight or nine precipices and thus found out that one half of my brain had been asleep eight or nine times without the

wide-awake, hard-working other half suspecting it, the periodical unconsciousness began to extend their spell gradually over more of my brain-territory, and at last I sank into a drowse which grew deeper and deeper and was doubtless just on the very point of becoming a solid, blessed, dreamless stupor, when,—what was that?

My dulled faculties dragged themselves partly back to life and took a receptive attitude. Now out of an immense, a limitless distance, came a something which grew and grew, and approached, and presently was recognizable as a sound,—it had rather seemed to be a feeling, before. This sound was a mile away, now—perhaps it was the murmur of a storm; and now it was nearer,—not a quarter of a mile away; was it the muffled rasping and grinding of distant machinery? No, it came still nearer; was it the measured tramp of a marching troop? But it came nearer still, and still nearer,—and at last it was right in the room: it was merely a mouse gnawing the wood-work. So I had held my breath all that time for such a trifle.

Well, what was done could not be helped; I would go to sleep at once and make up the lost time. That was a thoughtless thought. Without intending it,—hardly knowing it,—I fell to listening intently to that sound, and even unconsciously counting the strokes of the mouse's nutmeg-grater. Presently I was deriving exquisite suffering from this employment, yet maybe I could have endured it if the mouse had attended steadily to his work; but he did not do that; he stopped every now and then, and I suffered more while waiting and listening for him to begin again



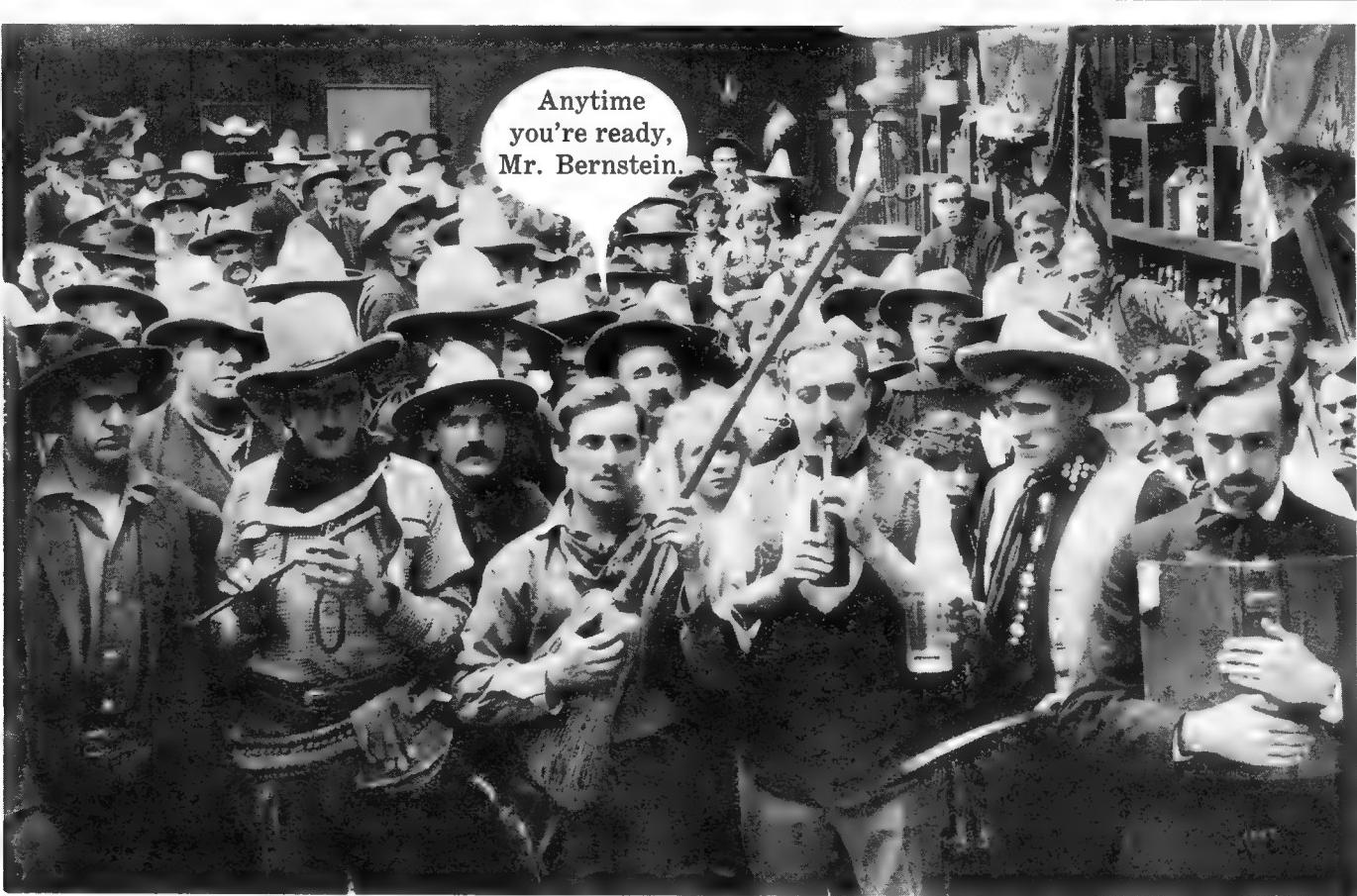
than I did while he was gnawing. Along at first I was mentally offering a reward of five,—six,—seven,—ten—dollars for that mouse; but toward the last I was offering rewards which were entirely beyond my means. I close-refeed my ears,—that is to say, I bent the flaps of them down and furled them into five or six folds, and pressed them against the hearing-orifice,—but it did not good: the faculty was so sharpened by nervous excitement that it was become a microphone and could hear through the overlays without trouble.

My anger grew to a frenzy. I finally did what all persons before me have done, clear back to Adam,—resolved to throw something. I reached down and got my walking shoes, then sat up in bed and listened, in order to exactly locate the noise. But I couldn't do it; it was as unlocatable as a cricket's noise; and where one thinks that that is, is always the very place where it isn't. So I presently hurled a shoe at random, and with vicious vigor. It struck the wall over Harris's head and fell down on him; I had not imagined I could throw so far. It woke Harris, and I was glad of it until I found he was not angry; then I was sorry. He soon went to sleep again, which pleased me; but straightway the mouse began again, which roused my temper once more. I did not want to wake Harris a second time, but the gnawing continued until I was compelled to throw the other shoe. This time I broke a mirror,—there were two in the room,—I got the largest one, of course. Harris woke again, but did not complain, and I was sorer than ever. I resolved that I would suffer all possible torture before I would disturb him a third time.

The mouse eventually retired, and by and by I was sinking to sleep, when a clock began to strike; I counted, till it was done, and was about to drowse again when another clock began; I counted; then the two great Rathaus clock angels began to send forth soft, rich, melodious blasts from their long trumpets. I had never heard anything that was so lovely, or weird, or mysterious,—but when they got to blowing the quarter-hours, they seemed to me to be overdoing the thing. Every time I dropped off for a moment, a new noise woke me. Each time I woke I missed my coverlet, and had to reach down to the floor and get it again.

At last all sleepiness forsook me. I recognized the fact that I was hopelessly and permanently wide awake. Wide awake, and feverish and thirsty. When I had lain tossing there as long as I could endure it, it occurred to me that it would be a good idea to dress and go out in the great square and take a refreshing wash in the fountain, and smoke and reflect there until the remnant of the night was gone.

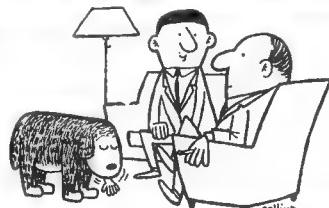
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Georgia Tech Rambler



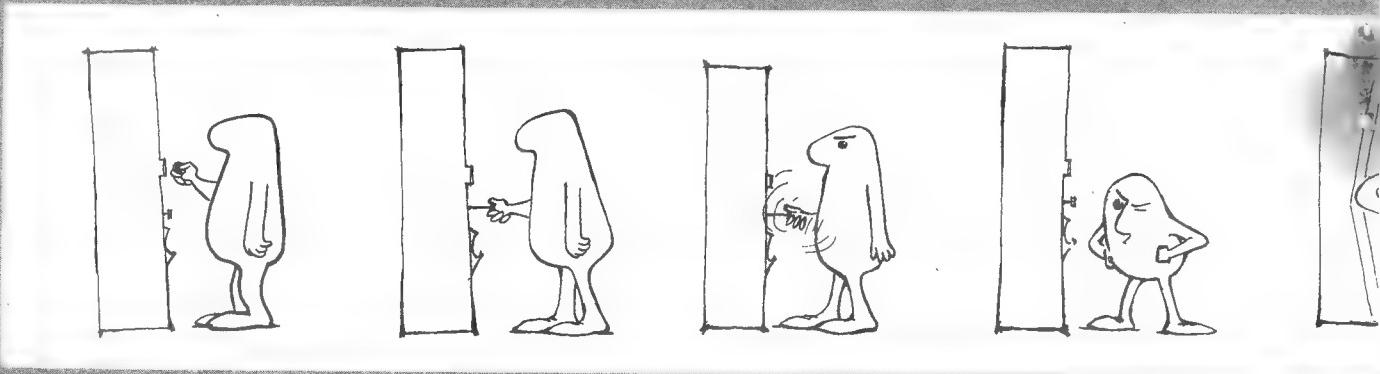
"SEE ME AFTER CLASS, DAWSON!"



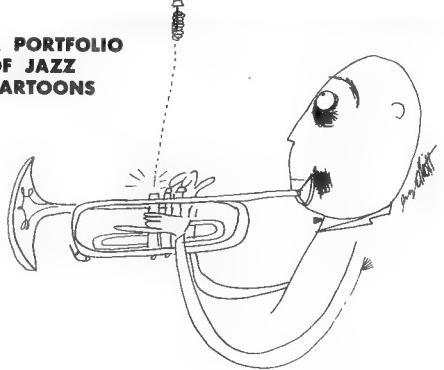
"HE LIKES CHILDREN."

help's public gallery

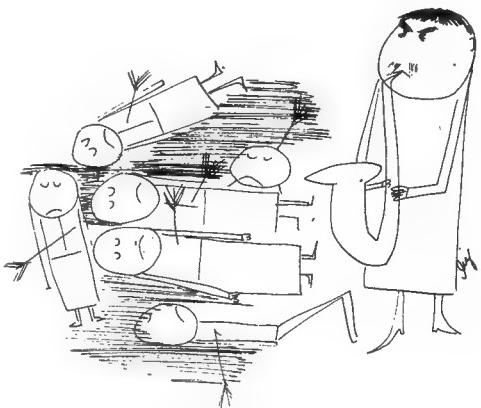
We welcome contributions to this feature. HELP will pay a munificent \$5.00 for every snide cartoon used. Mail submissions to HELP! 545 5th Avenue, New York City. Enclose stamped self-addressed envelope to ensure return of rejections.



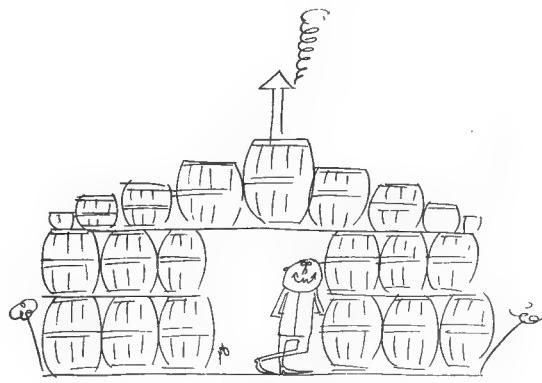
A PORTFOLIO
OF JAZZ
CARTOONS



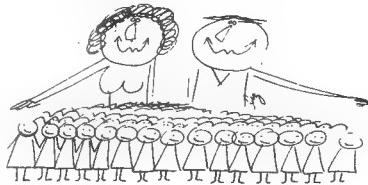
EIGHT BAR TAG



PIERCING TONE



BARRELHOUSE



FANTASTIC CONCEPTION



THE BEAT'S MISSING

R. E. Elliott



M.I.T. Voodo

NIGHT OF TERROR

cont'd from pg. 27

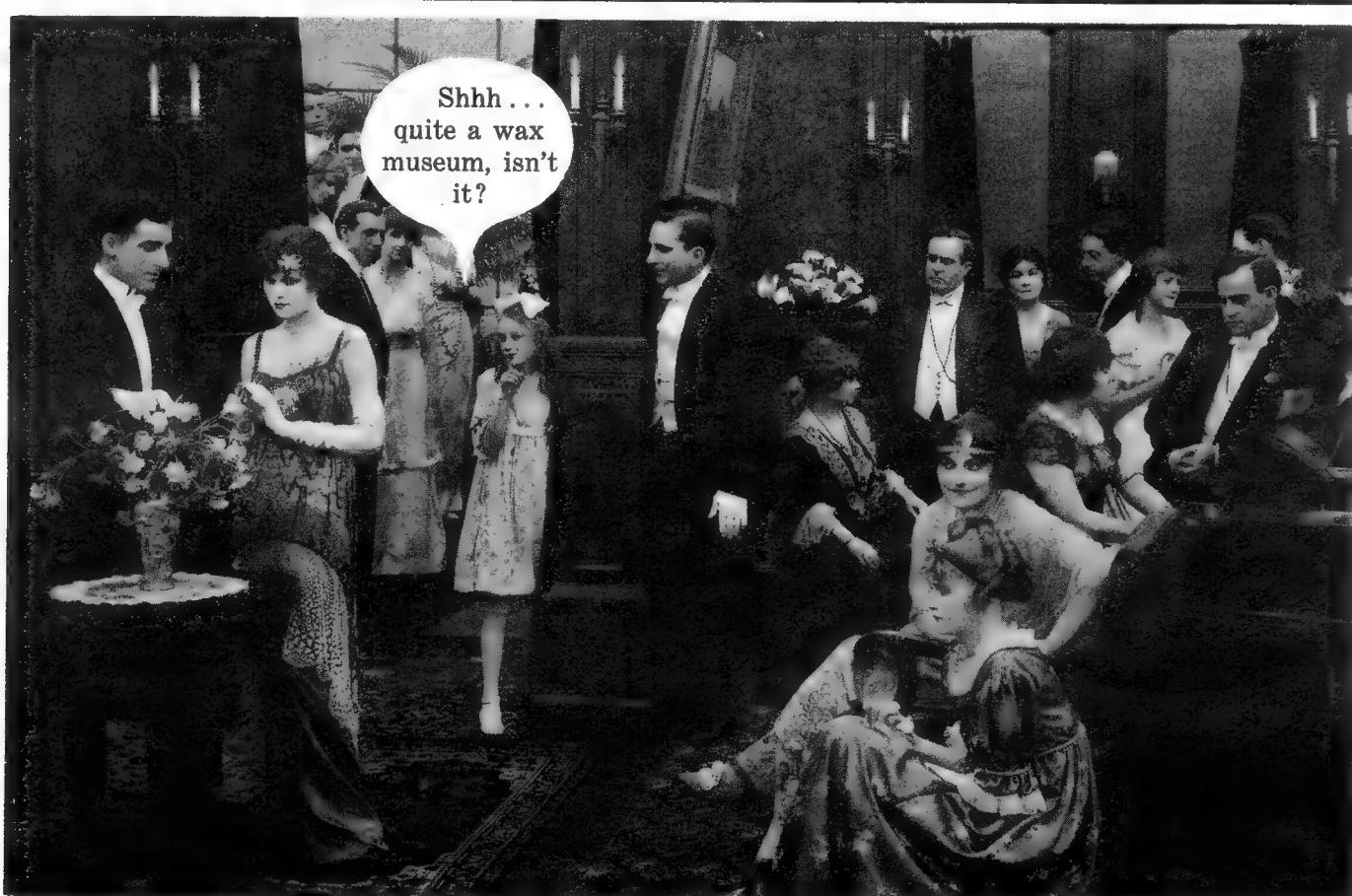
I believed I could dress in the dark without waking Harris. I had banished my shoes after the mouse, but my slippers would do for a summer night. So I rose softly, and gradually got on everything,—down to one sock, I couldn't seem to get on the track of that sock, any way I could fix it. But I had to have it; so I went down on my hands and knees, with one slipper on and the other in my hand, and began to paw gently around and rake the floor, but with no success. I enlarged my circle, and went on pawing and raking. With every pressure of my knee, how the floor creaked! and every time I chanced to rake against any article, it seemed to give out thirty-five or thirty-six times more noise than it would have done in the day time. In those cases I always stopped and held my breath till I was sure Harris had not awakened,—then I crept along again. I moved on and on, but I could not find the sock; I could not seem to find anything but furniture. I could not remember that there was much furniture in the room when I went to bed, but the place was alive with it now,—especially chairs,—chairs everywhere,—had a couple of families moved in, in the meantime? And I never could seem to glance on one of those chairs, but always struck it full and square with my head. My temper rose, by steady and sure degrees, and as I pawed on and on, I fell to making vicious comments under my breath.

Finally, with a venomous access of irritation, I said I would leave without the sock; so I rose up and made

straight for the door,—as I supposed,—and suddenly confronted my dim spectral image in the unbroken mirror. It startled the breath out of me, for an instant; it also showed me that I was lost, and had no sort of idea where I was. When I realized this, I was so angry that I had to sit down on the floor and take hold of something to keep from lifting the roof off with an explosion of opinion. If there had been only one mirror, it might possibly have helped to locate me; but there were two, and two were as bad as a thousand; besides these were on opposite sides of the room. I could see the dim blur of the windows, but in my turned-around condition they were exactly where they ought not to be, and so they only confused me instead of helping me.

I started to get up, and knocked down an umbrella; it made a noise like a pistol-shot when it struck that hard, slick carpetless floor; I grated my teeth and held my breath,—Harris did not stir. I set the umbrella slowly and carefully on end against the wall, but as soon as I took my hand away, its heel slipped from under it, and down it came again with another bang. I shrunk together and listened a moment in silent fury,—no harm done, everything quiet. With the most painstaking care and nicety I stood the umbrella up once more, took my hand away, and down it came again.

I have been strictly reared, but if it had not been so dark and solemn and awful there in that lonely vast room, I do believe I should have said something then which



could not be put into a Sunday School book without injuring the sale of it. If my reasoning powers had not been already sapped dry by my harassments, I would have known better than to try to set an umbrella on end on one of those glassy German floors in the dark; it can't be done in the daytime without four failures to one success. I had one comfort, though,—Harris was yet still and silent,—he had not stirred.

The umbrella could not locate me,—there were four standing around the room, and all alike. I thought I would feel along the wall and find the door in that way. I rose up and began this operation, but raked down a picture. It was not a large one, but it made noise enough for a panorama. Harris gave out no sound, but I felt that if I experimented any further with the pictures I should be sure to wake him. Better give up trying to get out. Yes, I would find King Arthur's Round Table once more,—I had already found it several times,—and use it for a base of departure on an exploring tour for my bed; if I could find my bed I could then find my water pitcher; I would quench my raging thirst and turn in. So I started on my hands and knees, because I could go faster that way, and with more confidence, too, and not knock down things. By and by I found the table,—with my head,—rubbed the bruise a little, then rose up and started, with hands abroad and fingers spread, to balance myself. I found a chair; then the wall; then another chair; then a sofa; then an alpenstock, then another sofa; this confounded me, for I had thought there was only one sofa. I hunted up the

table again and took a fresh start; found some more chairs.

It occurred to me, now, as it ought to have done before, that as the table was round, it was therefore of no value as a base to aim from; so I moved off once more, and at random among the wilderness of chairs and sofas,—wandered off into unfamiliar regions, and presently knocked a candlestick off a mantel-piece; grabbed at the candlestick and knocked off a lamp; grabbed at the lamp and knocked off a water-pitcher with a rattling crash, and thought to myself, "I've found you at last,—I judged I was close upon you." Harris shouted "murder," and "thieves," and finished with "I'm absolutely drowned."

The crash had roused the house. Mr. X. pranced in, in his long night garment, with a candle, young Z. after him with another candle; a procession swept in at another door, with candles and lanterns,—landlord and two German guests in their nightgowns, and a chambermaid in hers.

I looked around; I was at Harris's bed, a Sabbath day's journey from my own. There was only one sofa; it was against the wall; there was only one chair where a body could get at it,—I had been revolving around it like a planet, and colliding with it like a comet half the night.

I explained how I had been employing myself, and why. Then the landlord's party left, and the rest of us set about our preparations for breakfast, for the dawn was ready to break. I glanced furtively at my pedometer, and found I had made 47 miles. But I did not care, for I had come out for a pedestrian tour anyway.

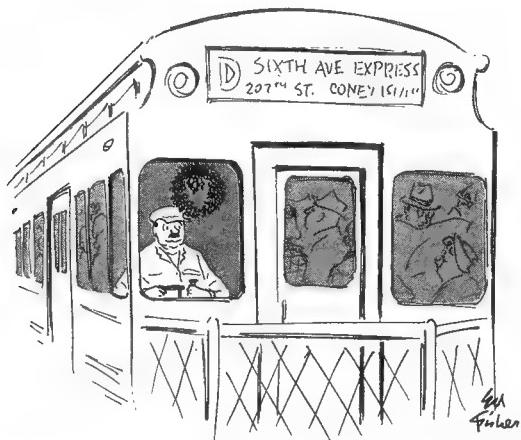
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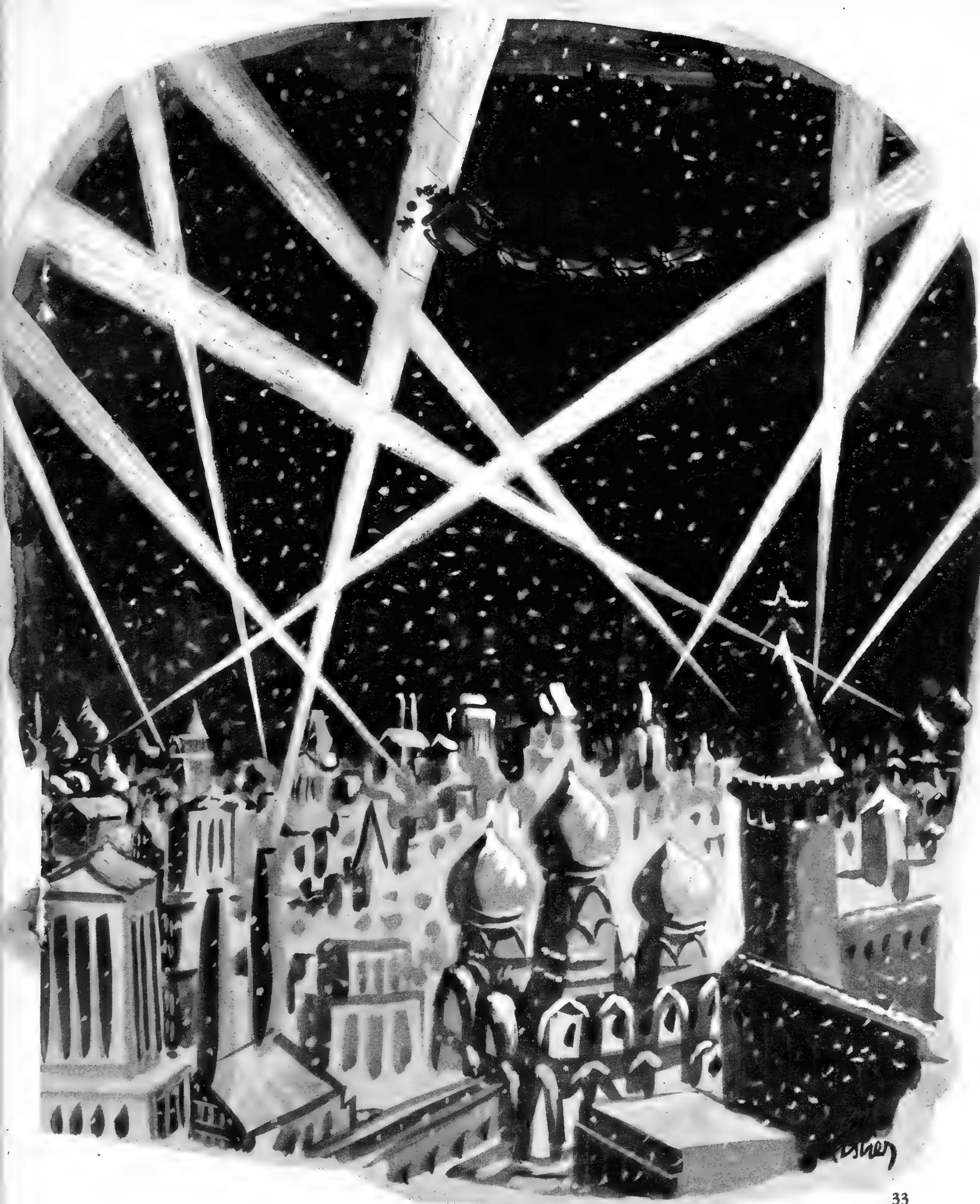
Controversial Xmas Cards BY Ed Fisher



"A group of Magi brought us these gifts last night.
My wife wonders if we could exchange them."



"Well — which one do we follow?"

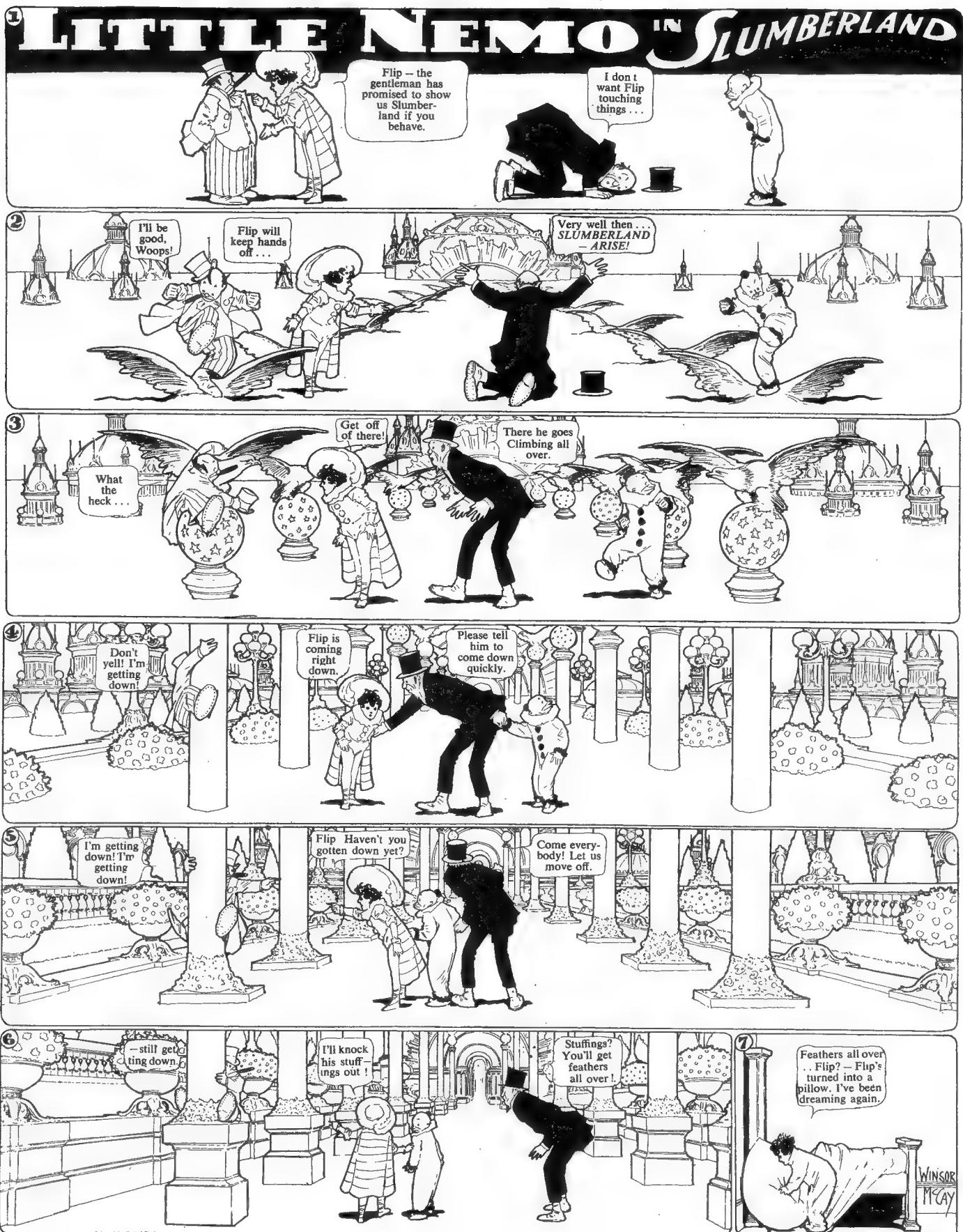


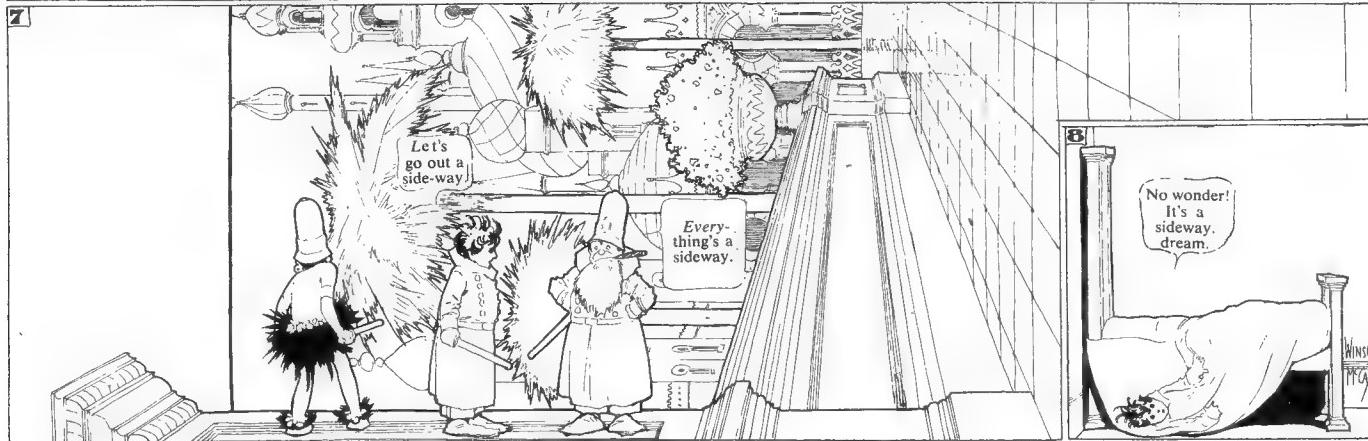
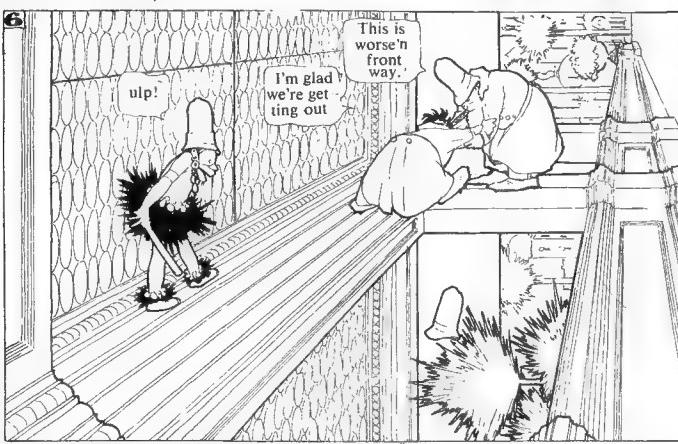
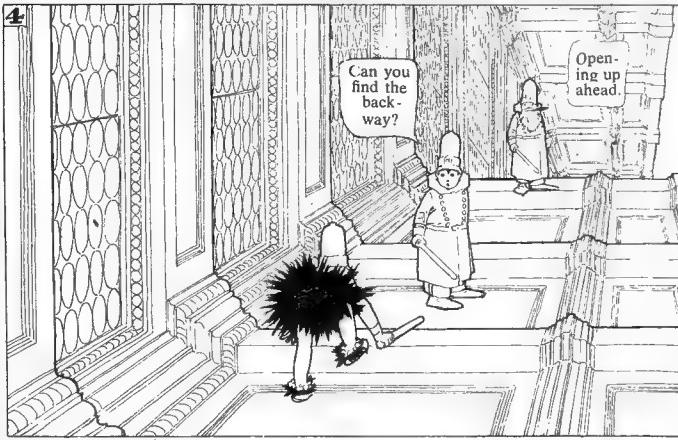
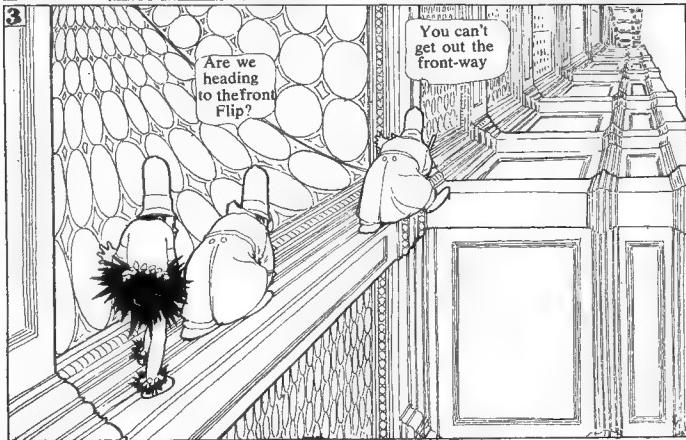
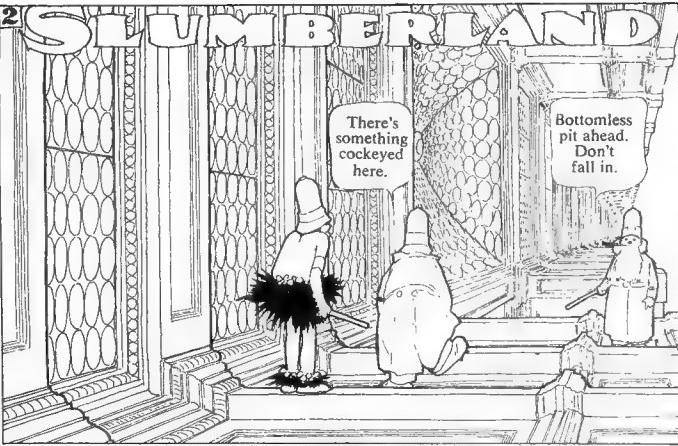
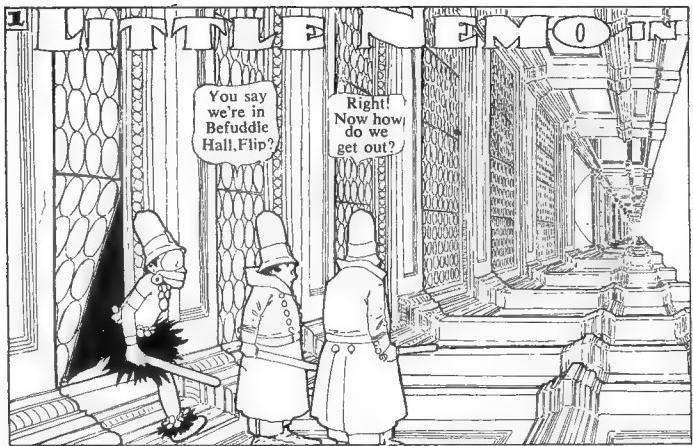


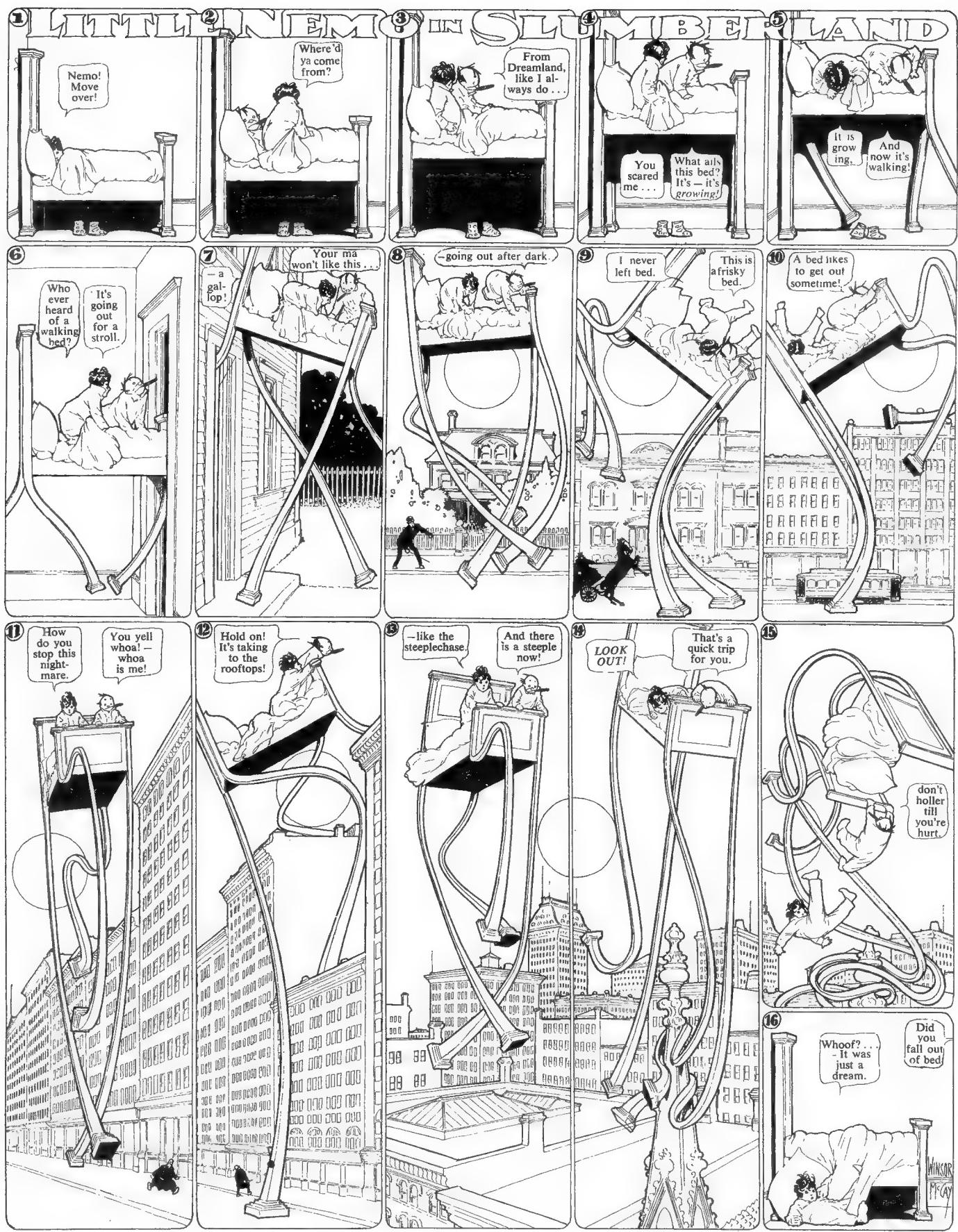
Hurry
up!

TONY PERKINS IN PSYCHO

Winsor McCAY was one of the first comic strip artists in America and one of the best. No other cartoonist has been able to equal McCay's humorous graphic trickery in his unforgettable comic strip . . .







ON GIVING GIFTS

"I love the Christmas-tide, and yet/I notice this each year I live;/
I always like the gifts I get/ But how I love the gifts I give!" — Dorothy Parker.

"I care for riches, to make gifts to friends."— Euripides

"I give a various gift to each,/To charm, to strengthen and to teach."— Longfellow

"I fear the Greeks, even when bearing gifts."— Virgil

"Christmas won't be Christmas without any presents."— Louisa May Alcott

"He would adore my gifts instead of me."— George Herbert

"Presents, I often say, endears absents."— Edward Lamb

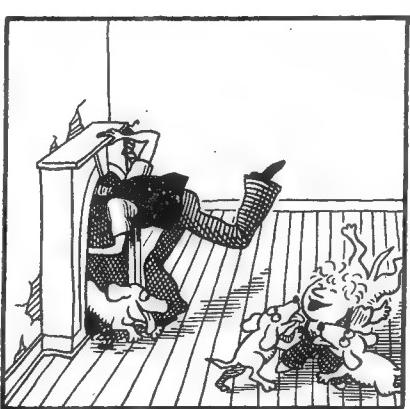
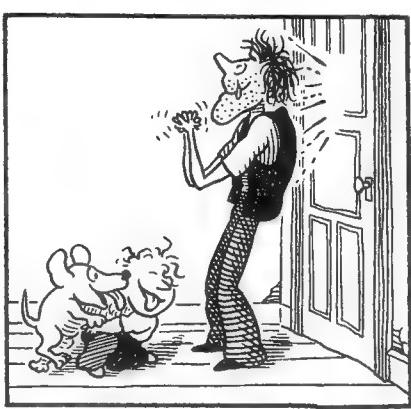
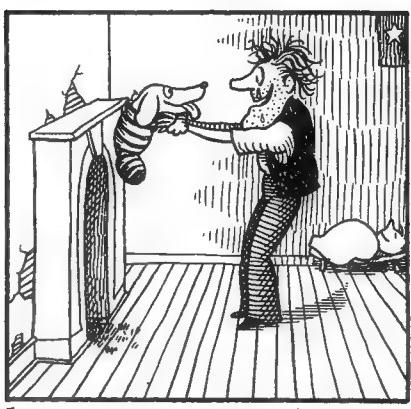
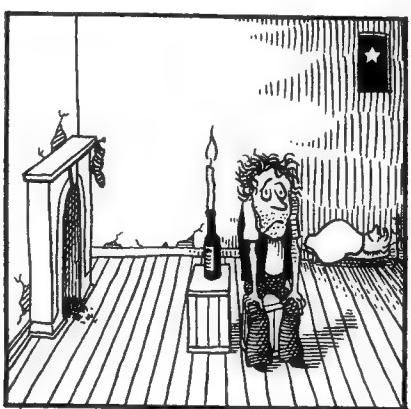
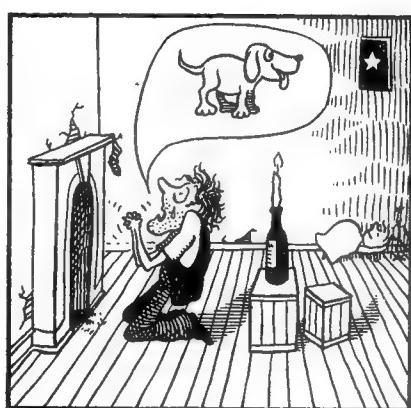
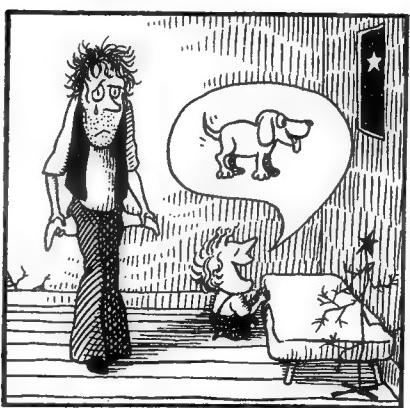
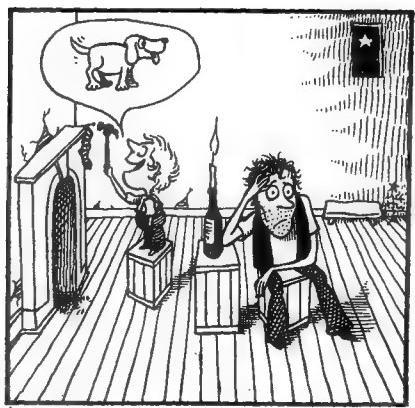
"He gives only the worthless gold who gives from a sense of duty."— James Russell Lowell

"The manner of giving is worth more than the gift."— Corneille

You mean
I've been selected
to lead France
against England?



CHRISTMAS MIRACLE



Man has no ri-
val on this plan-
et - It may do
him good to
have one. It
may be his sal-
vation.

BY
ARTHUR
CLARK

THE

NEXT



TENANTS

CONTINUED

This all happened about two years ago, when I was on a mission in the Pacific. It was rather hush-hush, but in view of what's happened since there's no harm in talking about it. Three of us scientists were landed on a certain Pacific atoll not a thousand miles from Bikini, and given a week to set up some detection equipment. It was intended, of course, to keep an eye on our good friends and allies when they started playing with thermo-nuclear reactions—to pick some crumbs from the A.E.C.'s table, as it were. The Russians, naturally, were doing the same thing, and occasionally we ran into each other and then both sides would pretend that there was nobody here but us chickens.

"This atoll was supposed to be uninhabited, but this was a considerable error. It actually had a population of several hundred millions—"

"—several hundred millions, of which number, one was human. I came across him when I went inland one day to have a look at the scenery."

"Here I was, then, walking up a charming little river-course underneath the coconut palms, when to my great surprise I came across a waterwheel—a very modern-looking one, driving a dynamo. If I'd been sensible, I suppose I'd have gone back and told my companions, but I couldn't resist the challenge and decided to do some reconnoitering on my own. I remembered that there were still supposed to be Japanese troops around who didn't know that the war was over, but that explanation seemed a bit unlikely.

"I followed the power-line up a hill, and there on the

other side was a low, whitewashed building set in a large clearing. All over this clearing were tall, irregular mounds of earth, linked together with a network of wires. It was one of the most baffling sights I have ever seen, and I stood and stared for a good ten minutes, trying to decide what was going on. The longer I looked, the less sense it seemed to make.



I was debating what to do when a tall, white-haired man came out of the building and walked over to one of the mounds. He was carrying some kind of apparatus and had a pair of earphones slung around his neck, so I guessed that he was using a Geiger counter. It was just about then that I realized what those tall mounds were. They were termitaries . . . the skyscrapers, in comparison to their makers, far taller than the Empire State Building, in which the so-called white ants live.

I watched with great interest, but complete bafflement, while the elderly scientist inserted his apparatus into the base of the termitary, listened intently for a moment, and then walked back towards the building. By this time I was so curious that I decided to make my presence known. Whatever research was going on here obviously had nothing to do with international politics, so I was the only one who'd have anything to hide. You'll appreciate later just what a miscalculation *that* was.

"I yelled for attention and walked down the hill, waving my arms. The stranger halted and watched me ap-



proaching: he didn't look particularly surprised. As I came closer I saw that he had a straggling moustache that gave him a faintly Oriental appearance. He was about sixty years old, and carried himself very erect. Though he was wearing nothing but a pair of shorts, he looked so dignified that I felt rather ashamed of my noisy approach.

"Good morning," I said apologetically. "I didn't know that there was anyone else on this island. I'm with an—er—scientific survey party over on the other side."

"At this, the stranger's eyes lit up. 'Ah,' he said, in almost perfect English, 'a fellow scientist! I'm very pleased to meet you. Come into the house.'

"I followed gladly enough—I was pretty hot after my scramble—and I found that the building was simply one large lab. In a corner was a bed and a couple of chairs, together with a stove and one of those folding wash-basins that campers use. That seemed to sum up the living arrangements. But everything was very neat and tidy: my unknown friend seemed to be a recluse, but he believed in keeping up appearances.

"I introduced myself first, and as I'd hoped he promptly responded. He was one Professor Takato, a biologist from a leading Japanese university. He didn't look particularly Japanese, apart from the moustache I've mentioned. With his erect, dignified bearing he reminded me more of an old Kentucky colonel I once knew.

"After he'd given me some unfamiliar but refreshing wine, we sat and talked for a couple of hours. Like most scientists he seemed happy to meet someone who would appreciate his work. It was true that my interests lay in

physics and chemistry rather than on the biological side, but I found Professor Takato's research quite fascinating.



I don't suppose you know much about termites, so I'll remind you of the salient facts. They're among the most highly evolved of the social insects, and live in vast colonies throughout the tropics. They can't stand cold weather, nor, oddly enough, can they endure direct sunlight. When they have to get from one place to another, they construct little covered roadways. They seem to have some unknown and almost instantaneous means of communication, and though the individual termites are pretty helpless and dumb, a whole colony behaves like an intelligent animal. Some writers have drawn comparisons between a termitary and a human body, which is also composed of individual living cells making up an entity much higher than the basic units. The termites are often called 'white ants', but that's a completely incorrect name as they aren't ants at all but quite a different species of insect. Or should I say 'genus'? I'm pretty vague about this sort of thing. . . .

"Excuse this little lecture, but after I'd listened to Takato for a while I began to get quite enthusiastic about termites myself. Did you know, for example, that they not only cultivate gardens but also keep cows—*insect* cows, of course—and milk them? Yes, they're sophisticated little devils, even though they do it all by instinct.





"But I'd better tell you something about the Professor. Although he was alone at the moment, and had lived on the island for several years, he had a number of assistants who brought equipment from Japan and helped him in his work. His first great achievement was to do for the termites what von Frische had done with bees—he'd learned their language. It was much more complex than the system of communication that bees use, which as you probably know, is based on dancing. I understood that the network of wires linking the termitaries to the lab not only enabled Professor Takato to listen to the termites talking among each other, but also permitted him to speak to them. That's not really as fantastic as it sounds, if you use the word "speak" in its widest sense. We speak to a good many animals—not always with our voices, by any means. When you throw a stick for your dog and expect him to run and fetch it, that's a form of speech—sign language. The Professor, I gathered, had worked out some kind of code which the termites understood, though how efficient it was at communicating ideas I didn't know.



I came back each day, when I could spare the time, and by the end of the week we were firm friends. It may surprise you that I was able to conceal these visits from my colleagues, but the island was quite large and we each did a lot of exploring. I felt somehow that Professor Takato was my private property, and did not wish to ex-

pose him to the curiosity of my companions. They were rather uncouth characters—graduates of some provincial university like Oxford or Cambridge.

"I'm glad to say that I was able to give the Professor a certain amount of assistance, fixing his radio and lining up some of his electronic gear. He used radioactive tracers a good deal, to follow individual termites around. He'd been tracking one with a Geiger counter when I first met him, in fact.

"Four or five days after we'd met, his counters started to go haywire, and the equipment we'd set up began to reel in its recordings. Takato guessed what had happened: he'd never asked me exactly what I was doing on the islands, but I think he knew. When I greeted him he switched on his counters and let me listen to the roar of radiation. There had been some radioactive fall-out—not enough to be dangerous, but sufficient to bring the background 'way up.

"I think," he said softly, 'that you physicists are playing with your toys again. And very big ones, this time.'

"I'm afraid you're right," I answered. We wouldn't be sure until the readings had been analyzed, but it looked as if Teller and his team had started the hydrogen reaction. 'Before long, we'll be able to make the first A-bombs look like damp squibs.'

"My family," said Professor Takato, without any emotion, 'was at Nagasaki.'

"There wasn't a great deal I could say to that, and I was glad when he went on to add: 'Have you ever won-



dered who will take over when we are finished?"

"Your termites?" I said, half facetiously. He seemed to hesitate for a moment. Then he said quietly, 'Come with me, I have not shown you everything.'

"We walked over to a corner of the lab where some equipment lay concealed beneath dust-sheets, and the Professor uncovered a rather curious piece of apparatus. At first sight it looked like one of the manipulators used for the remote handling of dangerously radioactive materials. There were handgrips that conveyed movements through rods and levers, but everything seemed to focus on a small box a few inches on a side. 'What is it?' I asked.

"It's a micromanipulator. The French developed them for biological work. There aren't many around yet."



Then I remembered. These were devices with which, by the use of suitable reduction gearing, one could carry out the most incredibly delicate operations. You moved your finger an inch — and the tool you were controlling moved a thousandth of an inch. The French scientists who had developed this technique had built tiny forges on which they could construct minute scalpels and tweezers from fused glass. Working entirely through microscopes, they had been able to dissect individual cells. Removing an appendix from a termite (in the highly doubtful event of the insect possessing one) would be child's play with

such an instrument.

"I am not very skilled at using the manipulator," confessed Takato. "One of my assistants does all the work with it. I have shown no one else this, but you have been very helpful. Come with me, please."

"We went out into the open, and walked past the avenues of tall, cement-hard mounds. They were not all of the same architectural design, for these are many different kinds of termites—some, indeed, don't build mounds at all. I felt rather like a giant walking through Manhattan, for these were skyscrapers, each with its own teeming population."

"There was a small metal (not wooden—the termites would soon have fixed that!) hut beside one of the mounds, and as we entered it the glare of sunlight was banished. The Professor threw a switch, and a faint red glow enabled me to see various types of optical equipment.

"They hate light," he said, "so it's a great problem observing them. We solved it by using infra-red. This is an image-converter of the type that was used in the war for operations at night. You know about them?"

"Of course," I said. "Snipers had them fixed on their rifles so that they could go sharp-shooting in the dark. Very ingenious things—I'm glad you've found a civilized use for them."

"It was a long time before Professor Takato found what he wanted. He seemed to be steering some kind of peri-

continued on page 47



What do you
mean you wouldn't
want me to marry
your brother?

NEXT TENANTS

cont'd from pg. 45
scope arrangement, probing through the corridors of the termite city. Then he said: 'Quick—before they've gone!'

"I moved over and took his position. It was a second or so before my eye focused properly, and longer still before I understood the scale of the picture I was seeing. Then I saw six termites, greatly enlarged, moving rather rapidly across the field of vision. They were travelling in a group, like the huskies forming a dog-team. And that was a very good analogy, because they were towing a sledge. . . .

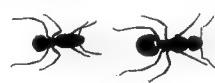
"I was so astonished that I never even noticed what kind of load they were moving. When they had vanished from sight, I turned to Professor Takato. My eyes had now grown accustomed to the faint red glow, and I could see him quite well.

"So that's the sort of tool you've been building with your micromanipulator!" I said. "It's amazing—I'd never have believed it."

"But that is nothing," replied the Professor. "Performing fleas will pull a cart around. I haven't told you what is so important. We only made a few of those sledges. *The one you saw they constructed themselves.*"

"He let that sink in: it took some time. Then he continued quietly, but with a kind of controlled enthusiasm in his voice: 'Remember that the termites, as individuals, have virtually no intelligence. But the colony as a whole is a very high type of organism—and an immortal one, barring accidents. It froze in its present instinctive pattern millions of years before Man was born, and by itself

it can never escape from its present sterile perfection. It has reached a dead-end—because it has no tools, no effective way of controlling nature. I have given it the lever, to increase its power, and now the sledge, to improve its efficiency. I have thought of the wheel, but it is best to let that wait for a later stage—it would not be very useful now. The results have exceeded my expectations. I started with this termitary alone—but now they all have the same tools. They have taught each other, and that proves they can cooperate. True, they have wars—but not when there is enough food for all, as there is here.'



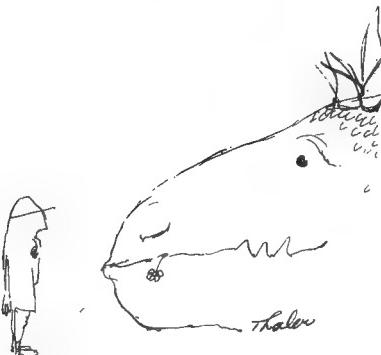
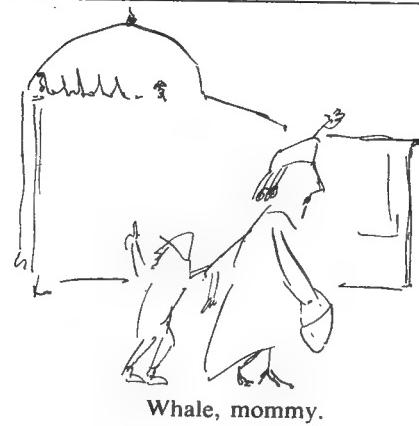
But you cannot judge the termitary by human standards. What I hope to do is to jolt its rigid, frozen culture—to knock it out of the groove in which it has stuck for so many millions of years. I will give it more tools, more new techniques—and before I die, I hope to see it beginning to invent things for itself.'

"Why are you doing this?" I asked, for I knew there was more than mere scientific curiosity here.

"Because I do not believe that Man will survive, yet I hope to preserve some of the things he has discovered. If he is to be a dead-end, I think that another race should be given a helping hand. Do you know why I chose this island? It was so that my experiment should remain isolated. My supertermite, if it ever evolves, will have to remain here until it has reached a very high level of attainment. Until it can cross the Pacific, in fact. . . .

THE IMPATIENT MOMMY

Mike Thaler



"There is another possibility. Man has no rival on this planet. I think it may do him good to have one. It may be his salvation."

"I could think of nothing to say: this glimpse of the Professor's dreams was so overwhelming—and yet, in view of what I had just seen, so convincing. For I knew that Professor Takato was not mad. He was a visionary, and there was a sublime detachment about his outlook, but it was based on a secure foundation of scientific achievement."

"And it was not that he was hostile to mankind: he was sorry for it. He simply believed that humanity had shot its bolt, and wished to save something from the wreckage. I could not feel it in my heart to blame him."



We must have been in that little hut for a long time, exploring possible futures. I remember suggesting that perhaps there might be some kind of mutual understanding, since two cultures so utterly dissimilar as Man and Termite need have no cause for conflict. But I couldn't really believe this, and if a contest comes, I'm not certain who will win. For what use would man's weapons be against an intelligent enemy who could lay waste all the wheat fields and all the rice crops in the world?

"When we came out into the open once more, it was almost dusk. It was then that the Professor made his final revelation.

"In a few weeks," he said, "I am going to take the

biggest step of all."

"And what is that?" I asked.

"Cannot you guess? I am going to give them fire."

"Those words did something to my spine. I felt a chill that had nothing to do with the oncoming night. The glorious sunset that was taking place beyond the palms seemed symbolic—and suddenly I realized that the symbolism was even deeper than I had thought.

"That sunset was one of the most beautiful I had ever seen, and it was partly of man's making. Up there in the stratosphere, the dust of an island that had died this day was encircling the earth. My race had taken a great step forward; but did it matter now?

"*I am going to give them fire.*" Somehow, I never doubted that the Professor would succeed. And when he had done so, the forces that my own race had just unleashed would not save it. . . .

"The flying boat came to collect us the next day, and I did not see Takato again. He is still there, and I think he is the most important man in the world. While our politicians wrangle, he is making us obsolete.

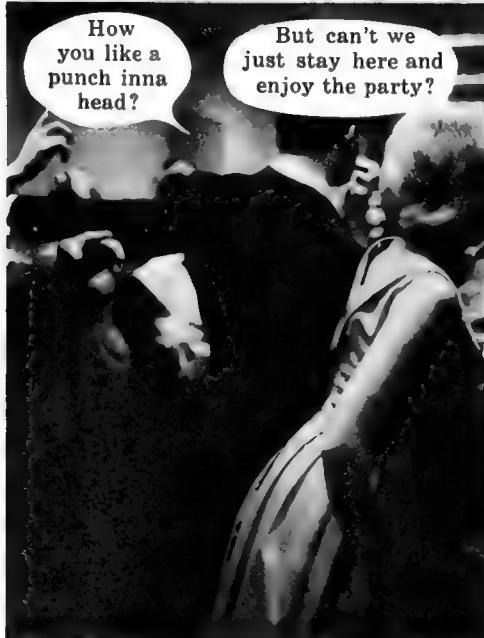
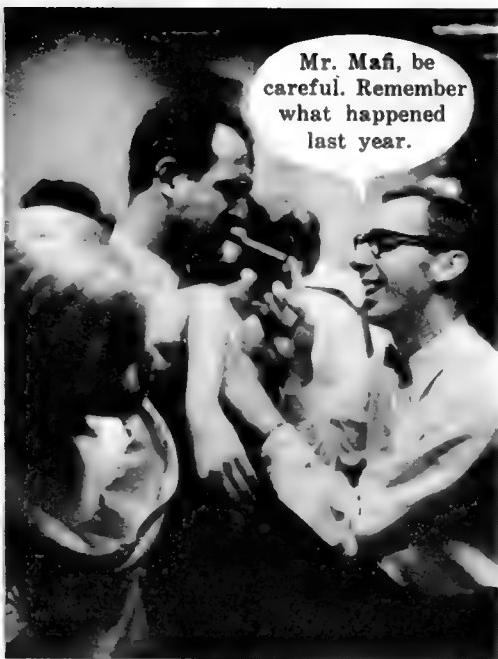
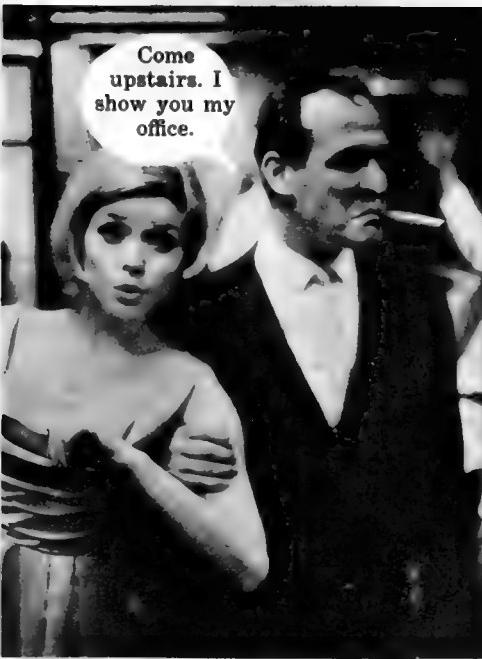
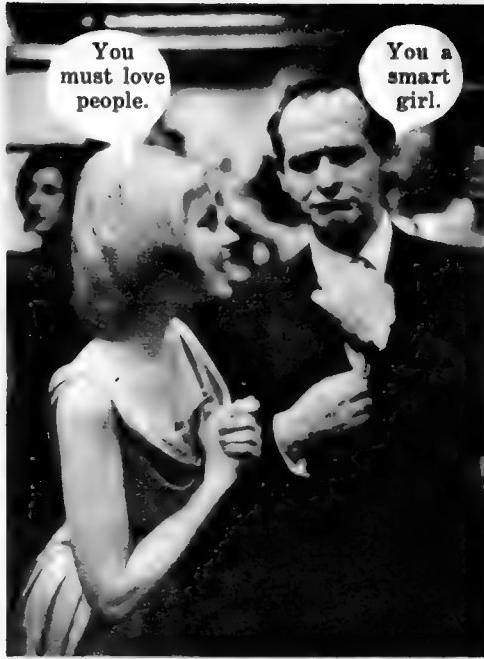
"Do you think that someone ought to stop him? There may still be time. I've often thought about it, but I've never been able to think of a really convincing reason why I should interfere.

"I think we should let them have the chance. I don't see how they could make a worse job of it than we've done."

END

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YEEK!

Mr. Maf! You pinched me!

Oh no! I
didn't pinch.
Is a piece of lint
on your dress.
I pluck it
off . . .

At's my wife.
I got six kids.
Beauh-ful,
no?

How love-
ly. In your eyes
she'll always be
beautiful!

You crazy? My
wife ain' beautiful.
Just my kids. My wife's
a ugly ol' lady!
You blind?

I like you
kid. You like
me?

Oh yes! You're
very kind. Anyone
could see
that . . .

How'd
you like
to be my
seketary?

Oh that would
be exciting.

HAH!
Attsa sure
thing!

— But unfor-
tunately I
can't type.

So I
type. You
be my
Friday
girl.

You
mean
girl
Friday.

I mean Friday girl.
I already got a Monday
girl, Tuesday girl . . .

Hey! Who in-
vited you? Can't you
see I'm in a
conference?

Time to give everyone their
bonuses, boss. They're waiting.

A bonus for every-
one... You have got a
heart of gold.

I hear there
might be a big
bonus this year.

Should be.
Best year we've
ever had. Sales
up 80% . . .

I sure
could use
the money . . .
with Pa
in the
hospital—

I
promised
my kid a
bicycle.

Mr. Mafi
is coming
right down
and there's
a bonus
for every-
body!

Quiet! Quiet!
everybody! Mr.
Mafi has a little
surprise for you!

Is a real
surprise!

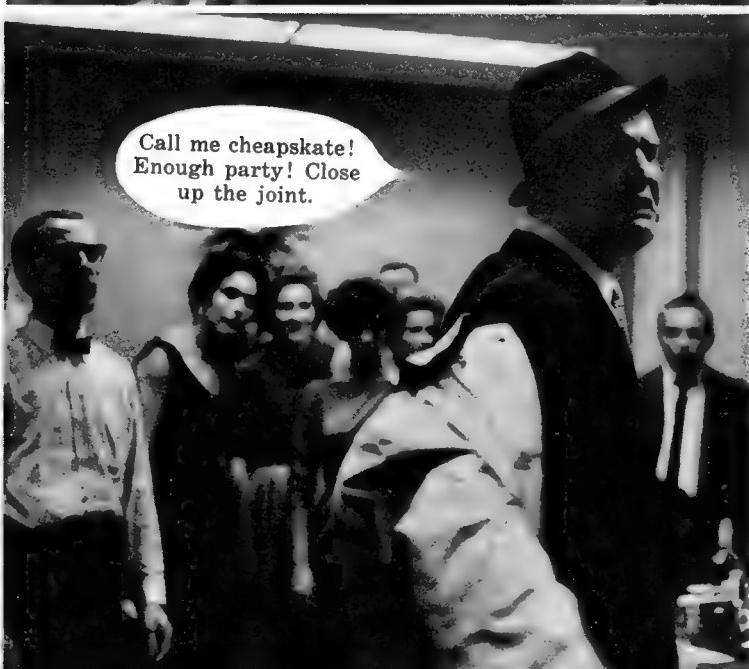
Boy
—look
at
those
enve-
lopes.
Fat!

Must
be a lot
more than the
\$5 I got last
year.

You've all worked hard . . .
staying overtime and coming in weekends
—and don't think Mr. Mafi doesn't appreciate it
In those envelopes is a personal reward
from Mr. Mafi for each of you.

Me to you!







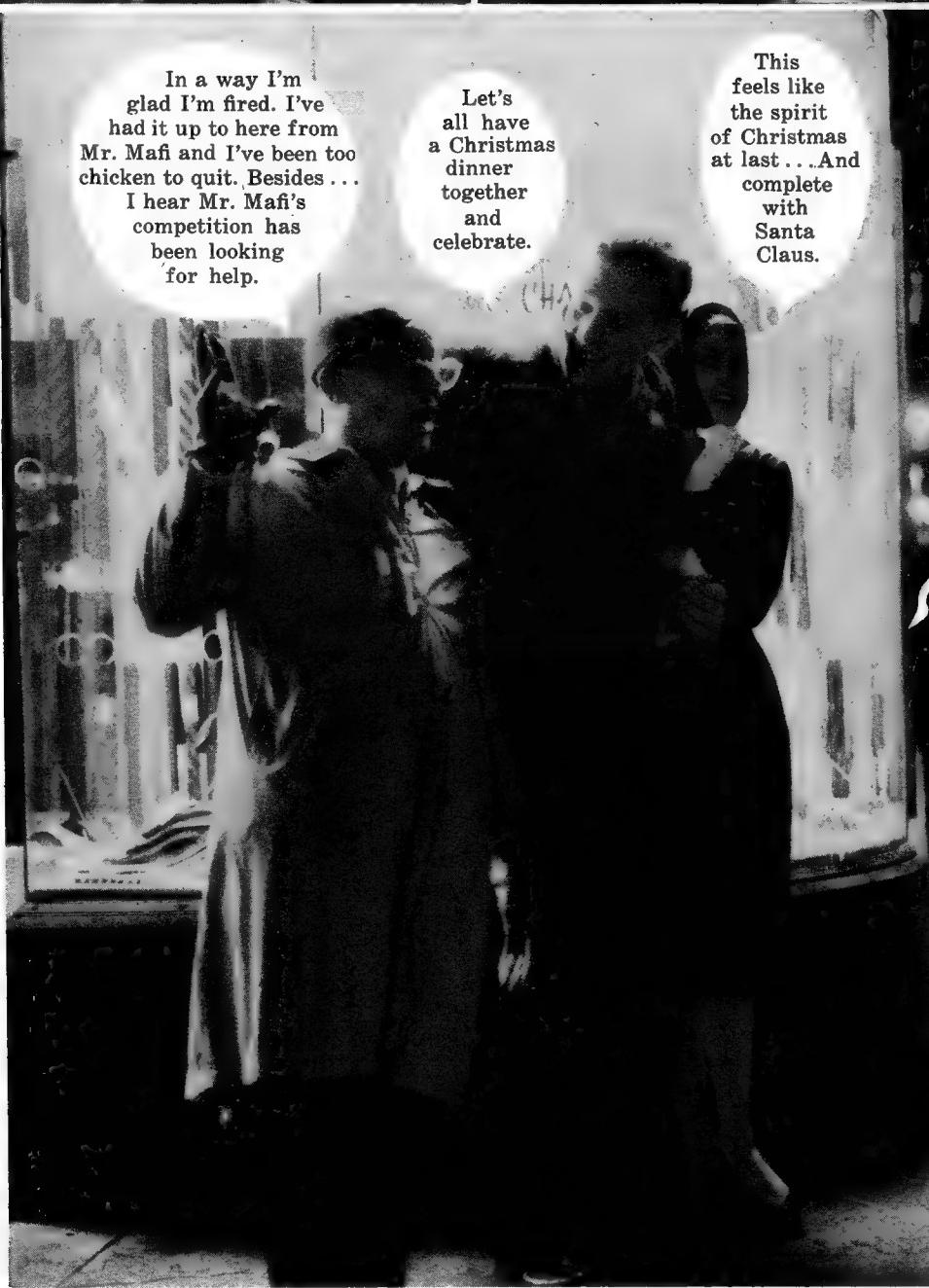
Hey!
Sanny
Claus!



Here's
ten bucks!
John Mafi
is not a
cheap-
skate.



Thanks. Now
let's have the
rest of it.



In a way I'm
glad I'm fired. I've
had it up to here from
Mr. Mafi and I've been too
chicken to quit. Besides . . .

I hear Mr. Mafi's
competition has
been looking
for help.

Let's
all have
a Christmas
dinner
together
and
celebrate.

This
feels like
the spirit
of Christmas
at last . . . And
complete
with
Santa
Claus.



Merry Christmas
ho-ho-ho God bless
us Tiny Tim.

(groan)
—'at's
Sanny
Claus?

END



OH, WHAT A HORRID TALE!

BY P.S. Come, friends, gather
round the fireside, and listen to
the sad but seasonable tale
of Ernie the Actor.

continued

Ernie was one of those actors who only find fame at Christmas. He could rule a Christmas pantomime like Robey or Little Tich, but between seasons he was lucky if he got a month's engagement with a concert-party. Sad, but true! However, he worked hard, lived soberly, and would doubtless have lasted to a ripe and insignificant old age, had not the course of his life been strangely altered by his marrying a Mrs. Tonks, a widow with four young children and an eye for the pay-packet.

Mrs. Tonks had booked a seat for *Cinderella*, to comfort herself for the recent death of her first husband. She liked a joke as well as the next woman, and she liked a good cry too. Ernie made her laugh so much that, being at once so happy and so sad, she fell in love with him. Ernie fell more in love with her four children than with Mrs. Tonks; but nevertheless they got married. Now, Ernie took his work so seriously that he could hardly cease being funny, even when he was off the stage. His wife used to find his cross-talk and gags a great solace in her domestic worries; and the children were always happy when Ernie was at home, because his antics kept them laughing all the time.

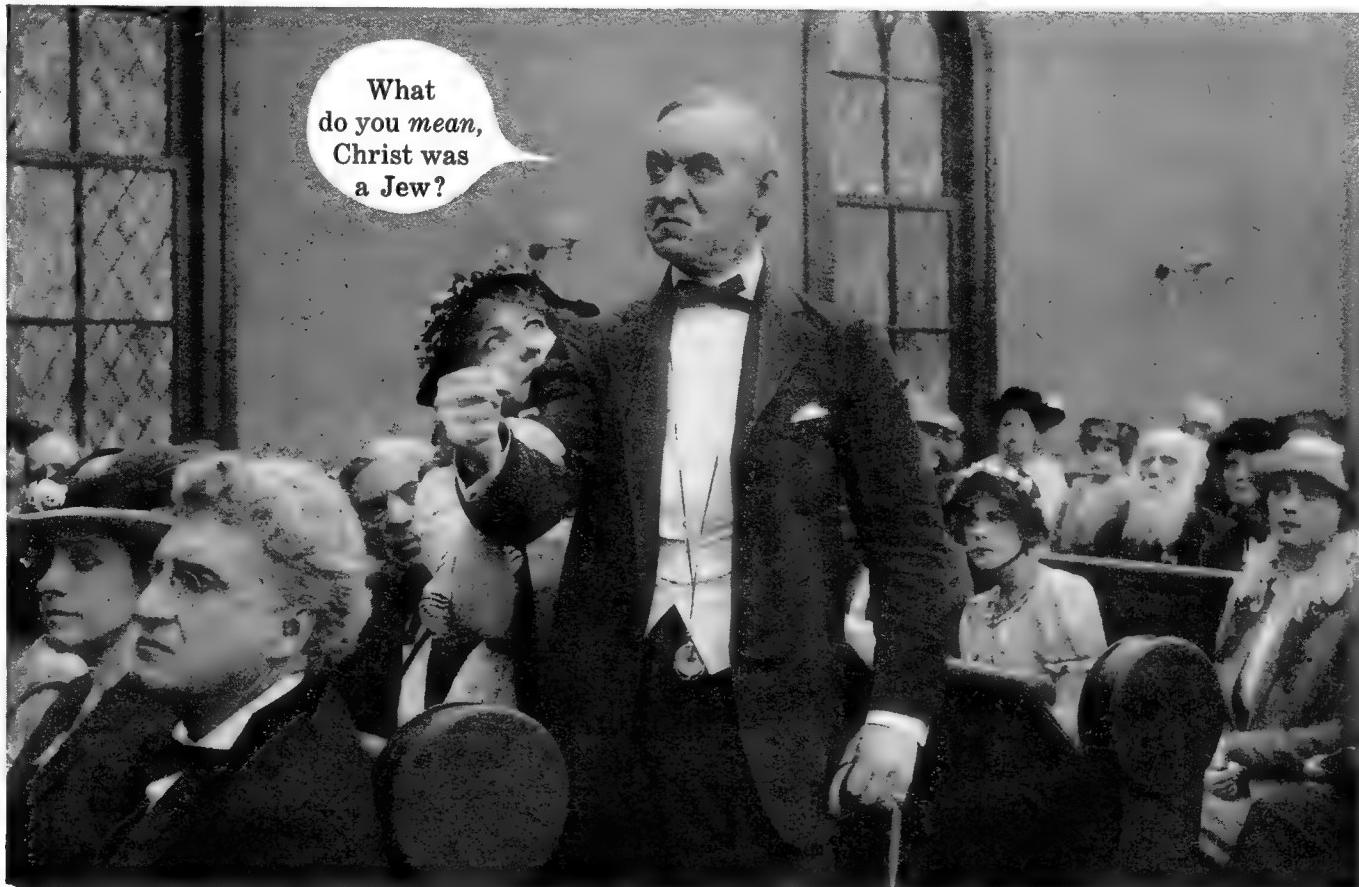
As the years went by, however, the children needed more and more food, and more and more clothes, while Mrs. Ernie asked for more and more of Ernie's money. Ernie's engagements, on the other hand, became fewer and fewer, and he found it less and less easy to earn enough money to pay the larger and larger bills.

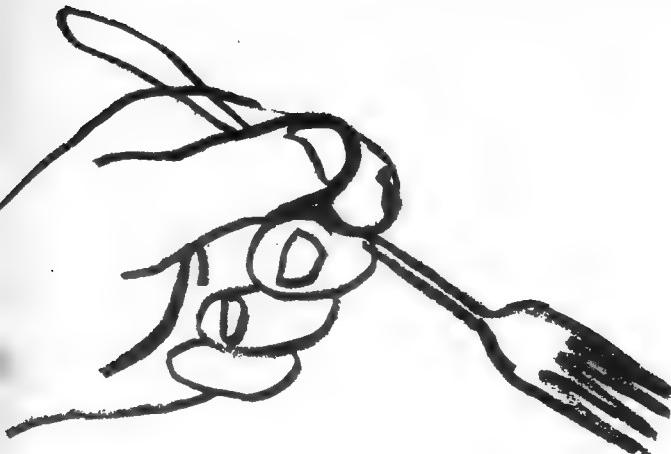
The strain of working too hard and always being anxious for the future told at last on Ernie's temper. He began to dislike returning home, after a tiring round of the managers' offices, only to be treated by his family as a joke. One day he brought his fist down on the breakfast table with a bang, and said: "I won't be a laughingstock any longer, I won't; I won't; I won't." And, putting his hat on his head, he announced that he was going to apply for a straight part, and act the clown no more.

It was not easy to persuade the managers that he meant what he said. Most of them laughed, offered him a cigarette, and exclaimed: "Jolly good joke, ha!" But one of them jestingly offered him the part of the Demon King in *Aladdin*, at a little second-rate theater in Staffs, for a salary which was half his former wage. Ernie accepted it.

"Well, you don't expect *me* to spend Christmas Day in the workhouse, do you?" said Mrs. Ernie, when he told her the news. And without more ado she departed with the children to stay at Chorlton-cum-Hardy with her married sister. But the pantomime ran for nine weeks, and the local dramatic critic wrote that "no more terrifying Demon King has ever walked the boards of the 'Alexandra.'" When the last performance was ended Ernie was paid a bonus. He packed his belongings and took the first train to Chorlton-cum-Hardy, that he might tell his wife of his success.

His welcome, however, was not so happy as he expected. When he put his head round the door he was greeted, not by cries of pleasure or yet of laughter, but by startled faces and a shriek of horror. Ernie pretended not





to notice it; but in the weeks that followed it became clear that everyone was afraid of him. The children wept if he took them on his knee, and even Mrs. Ernie, who was so buxom and handy with a rolling pin, would shrink away when he approached.

Ernie was quite unable to account for this. It pained him more than any mockery could do, for he was naturally a gentle man. After some months he began to feel that his having played the Demon King had something to do with it. And now he often wished that he were Buttons or the Broker's Man once more, so that he could move them to laughter instead of fear.

When the time came for him to make his contract for the next year's pantomime, he decided that he would be

Demon King no longer. He even refused the parts of the Giant in *Jack and the Beanstalk* and the Wicked Uncle in *Cinderella*, for which good and comfortable salaries were offered.

He no longer wished to frighten people.

The managers, very naturally, considered him daft to refuse good offers, and he would have gone without any engagement at all had not Puss in a touring company of *Dick Whittington and his Cat* fallen from the balustrade of the dress circle and lost its ninth (and last) life. Almost in despair, for there were only four days till the first performance, the manager offered the part to Ernie. Ernie accepted it.

He had never played an animal part before, but he very quickly learned what to do. He scratched, miaowed, and purred to a nicety.

It was very pleasant to feel once more the affection of an audience instead of its hatred. Before the season was finished Ernie had become a favorite with actors and public alike. But what made him happiest of all was that his own family's fear of him suddenly departed. Mrs. Ernie began to put her arms round his neck and caress him with every token of kindness, while the children no longer dreaded his touch, but climbed about him and played all sorts of loving games with him.

Ernie was affected almost to tears by this love and tenderness, and thereafter he lived very happily for several years, continuing to play the Puss at every Christmas pantomime. He only suffered two discomforts. One was that



he was expected—and indeed compelled—to sit and sleep upon the mat, instead of an armchair or his bed. The other was that Mrs. Ernie forbade him to have a drop of beer or stout or whisky, but insisted that he should always drink milk.

After he had played Whittington's Cat or Puss-in-Boots at almost every reputable theater in the provinces, the time came when Ernie was no longer as supple in his limbs as a first-class cat should be. Giving long thought to the matter he finally made up his mind that he ought to take another part before people began to say: "Poor old Ernie isn't as nimble as he used to be." And after talking with his agent he contracted to play a part which entailed much less activity and effort than did that of Puss, namely the title role in *Mother Goose*.

Unfortunately Ernie's new salary was much less than that which he had earned before. Mrs. Ernie had some hard things to say when he told her about this, and blamed him very much for giving up his old part. But Ernie took a great pride in his calling, and informed her in no uncertain tones that there is more honor in competently laying a golden egg than in being but a lame companion to Dick Whittington. The difference of opinion led to the first dispute between husband and wife since the days of the Demon King.

The first rehearsals of *Mother Goose* went well—so well that Ernie begged his wife to come with the children to see the dress rehearsal, which was to take place on Christmas Day. But Mrs. Ernie refused, and when the day came

Ernie left their lodgings to a volley of recrimination from his better-or-worse.

The performance went from start to finish without a hitch—a most unusual happening in a pantomime. As Ernie returned to the lodgings he felt that he had never given a better performance in his whole career, and he regretted more than ever that none of his family had been present to see his triumph.

When he arrived he found that his wife and the children had gone to bed; so he sat down before the fire in the sitting room, as was his wont, and soon fell asleep.

Mrs. Ernie rose from her bed on the next morning in an evil temper. She was still furious about her husband's preference for Art over Money, and she was disappointed at having been unable to afford a turkey for the children's Christmas dinner.

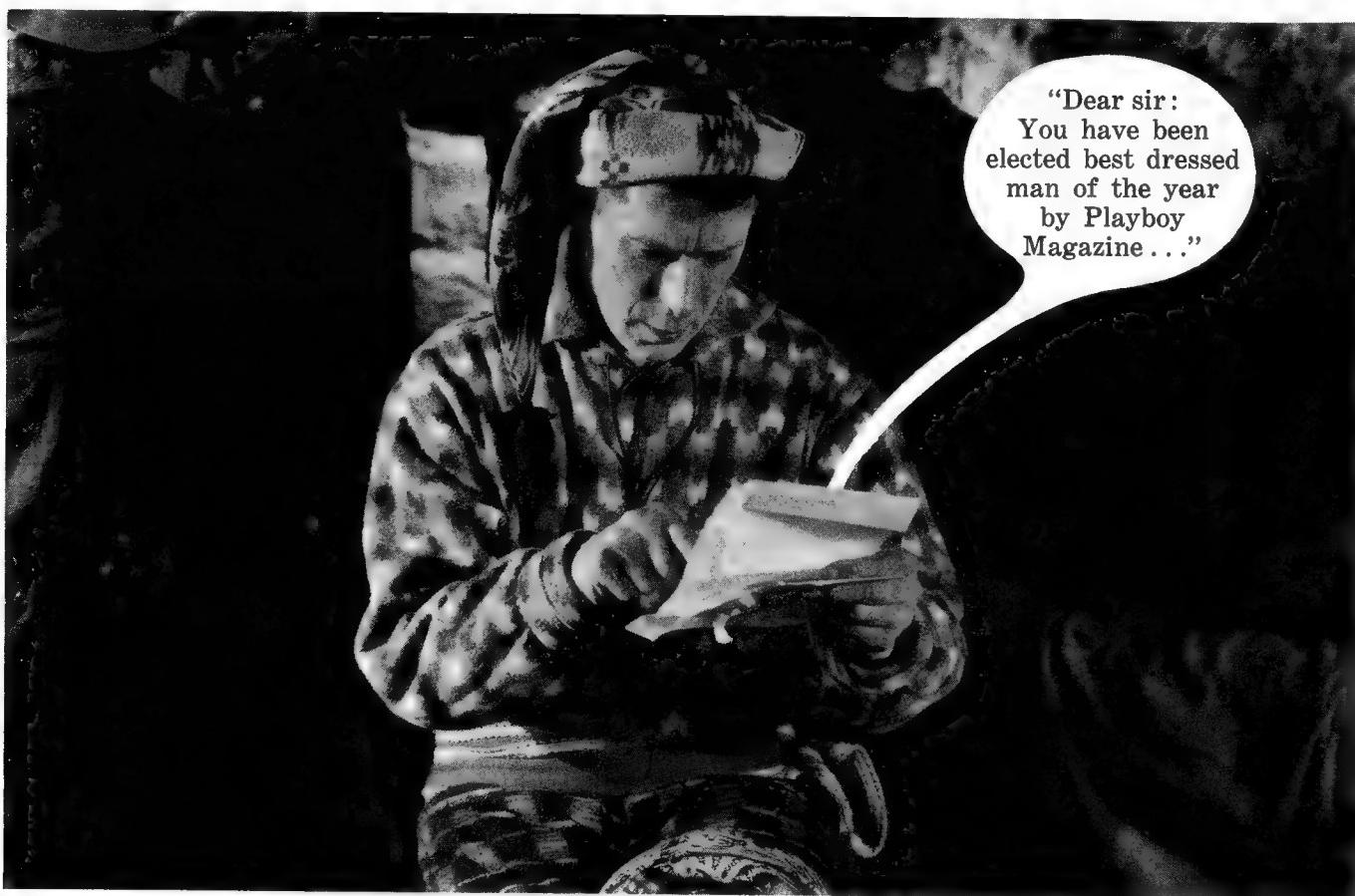
She came downstairs and opened the door of the sitting room. To her surprise Ernie was not there. But in front of the fire, preening its feathers, was a fat, gray goose.

With a cry of delight Mrs. E. ran into the kitchen and fetched a carving knife.

The children enjoyed their dinner that day more than on any other Boxing Day. And they all agreed that if there is one fowl more tender and delicious than a turkey it is a nice fat goose.

END

From the book THE CHRISTMAS COMPANION edited by John Hadfield. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc. and reprinted with their permission.



The
War's
over.

KISSIES

An exclusive "Help" feature
— this month starting young
actress Nancy Kovack of
Columbia Pictures "Cry for
Happy" While other magazines
offer provocative but frustrating
cheesecake, "Help!" gets
down to business

In "Help," you don't just
see her...you feel your lips touch the burning
tips of a gorgeous girl, provided you
follow instructions carefully.
Now as Nancy moves toward
the mystery...



"Slowly draw the page towards you... just
pinch the tip and breathe hard. When we
tell you — turn the pages to the inside
back cover and mark cover in
pinched tips! — Ready?"



"Woohoo! She's under the mistletoe! Now,
TURN TO THE INSIDE BACK COVER!"





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IN A MOVIE
WITH JAYNE
MANSFIELD**

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- Please send me 2 posters with 2 different names imprinted. I enclose \$5.75 plus 25¢ for postage.

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Box 6573 Philadelphia 38, Pa.

Name
Address
City Zone
State

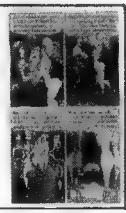
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 JUNGLE BOOK Address.....
 THE WORLD OF LI'L ABNER City..... Zone.....
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REWARD!

\$1000.00
WILL BE PAID IN GOLD COIN

DEAD OR ALIVE **DEAD OR ALIVE**

FOR THE APPREHENSION OF

YOUR NAME HERE

Said party is the leader of the worst band of desperadoes the Territory has ever had to deal with. The above reward shall be paid for the capture or for positive proof of his disposal.

WYATT EARP, marshal
DODGE CITY 1880

**REWARD
POSTER
WITH
YOUR
NAME ON
IT.**

Wait till the Bounty Hunters see this authentic-looking old west jail circular with your name on it. Big 11" x 17" size, printed in 2 colors

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- Please send me 1 imprinted poster. I enclose \$1.98 plus 25¢ for postage.

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Address
City Zone

This tombstone paperweight is a subtle reminder to slow down and live. It's an ideal gift to the worrier, the hard-drive artist, the night owl, the overzealous husband or the boss who hasn't yet learned that he "can't take it with him." True in its polished granite appearance, its message is guaranteed to give you a "lift" and a laugh. Five inches high, it fits into any office or den.



General Promotions Co. Dept. H-5 Box 6573 Philadelphia 38, Pa.

- Please send me a Tombstone paper-weight for which I enclose \$1.00 plus 25¢ to cover postage and handling.

Name
Address
City Zone



Inflates
to
30
feet

Do you have a little nephew you would like to see fly away like in this picture?

This monster balloon inflates to a ridiculous size (do it with a vacuum-cleaner) and only costs \$2.00 plus 50¢ for handling.

General Promotions Co. Dept. H-5 Box 6573 Philadelphia 38, Pa.

- Please send me giant balloon deflated (sorry, air not included) for which I have enclosed \$2.50

Name
Address
City Zone

State

IF YOU DON'T OWN ANY OF THE 33 1/3 RECORDS LISTED HERE, YOU ARE OUT! HERE ARE SOME OF THE FUNNIEST PEOPLE OF THE NEW GENERATION AND SOME OF THE STRANGEST OFF-BEAT RECORDINGS. IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO OWN ANYTHING HERE, (AND IF YOU ARE HIP, YOU SHOULD LIKE TO—) FILL OUT THIS COUPON WITH THE PROPER AMOUNT OF BREAD ATTACHED AND MAIL IT RIGHT WAY.



6. WET TOE IN A HOT SOCKET!
Phyllis Diller, the thinking man's chatterbox, has swept the country with a lot of inside dirt such as "Cornflakes on the Rocks", "I'd Rather Cha Cha Than Eat", "Thrift Flight" and "Today Will Be Yesterday Tomorrow." We highly recommend Phyllis.

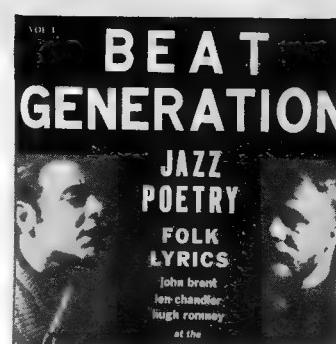


1. A CHILD'S GARDEN OF FREBERG
Stan Freberg fans will find all the Freberg classics here . . . St. George and the Dragonet, C'est Si Bon, Try, Heartbreak Hotel, Rock around Stephen Foster, Yellow Rose of Texas, John and Marsha, The Great Pretender, Rock Island Line, Sh-Boom," and many others.



2. THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF JONATHAN WINTERS

Some of this great man's funniest acts and sound effects are here: The Flying Saucer Lands, A Western, A Football Game, Airline Pilots, Used Pet Shop, Hip Robin Hood, Super Service Station and Marine Corps.

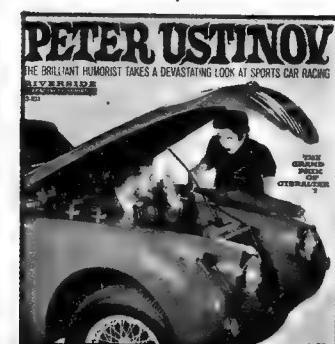


3. BEAT GENERATION JAZZ POETRY
Music and Folk Lyrics by John Brent, Len Chandler and Hugh Romney at the Greenwich Village Gaslight Cafe. These bona-fide young beatniks recite Applesauce and Peanut Butter, A Poem for Lamont Cranston, Nathan's Goat, and other cool poems

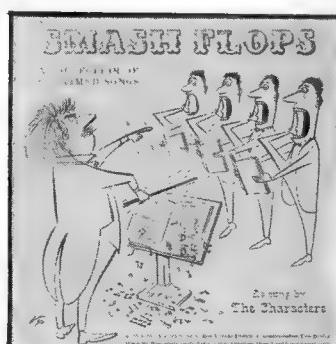


10. LENNY BRUCE'S INTERVIEWS OF OUR TIMES

In addition to some more incomparable Lenny Bruce sickness, this album has the Shorty Peterstein Interview—a classic of a kind where a jazz musician give a highly inarticulate analysis of like the jazz scene.



7. PETER USTINOV SPORTS CARS
The Man of a Thousand Voices will dramatize for you . . . Why this is the first Grand Prix race to be held on Gibraltar since 1906 . . . What Fanfani said to Fandango . . . Why Comrade Volnikov (of the All-Union Center of Sports and Machinery) was on hand . . .



8. SMASH FLOPS—ILL-TIMED SONGS

Just read some of these titles of this collection of 12 ballads. "Congratulations Tom Dewey"—"I Wish I Was in Chicago (On St. Valentine's Day)"—"We're Depending On You, General Custer"—"There'll Always Be 48 States in the U.S.A."



11. THE BUTTON DOWN MIND OF BOB NEWHART

Called "the best new comedian of the decade" by Playboy magazine, this exciting new comic has included in his album: Abe Lincoln vs. Madison Avenue — Merchandising the Wright Brothers and other very funny routines.



13. SPIKE JONES IN HI-FI

Remember how funny the funny records used to be? Well, Spike Jones still is! 'Wow' says Slayboy, the Grave Digger's Weekly comments, "Eeek!" Buy it to hear a two-headed beatnik harmonize Stephen Foster, and countless other improbables.



4. PAT HARRINGTON JR. AS GUIDO PANZINI

With Bill Dana, these two well-known Steve Allen Show personalities ad lib a record about which Steve says, "routines of this type are part of the rehearsal routine around our show... this package will be recognized as the funniest of the year."



9. LENNY BRUCE TOGETHERNESS

He's pure sickness. Here is what the critics say about comic Lenny Bruce: "Lenny shouldn't be allowed in a neighborhood crap game, much less a night club." — Los Angeles Mirror. "Lenny Bruce is just a fad, a one-time-around freak attraction." — Hy Gardner.



14. MORT SAHL

The latest Mort Sahl who says: "Let me assure you that I think the world is worth saving, and I am in favor of a few things: The 40 coffee house in L.A. which have become social centers for people you would never accept socially."



5. MIKE NICHOLS AND ELAINE MAY

A collection of words and music completely improvised at the recording session. The pianist played music that suggested different moods and Nichols and May would spontaneously create a scene to fit each mood.

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DEPT. H-5 BOX 6573
PHILADELPHIA 38, PA.

Please send me the records I have checked below, for which I am enclosing \$..... plus 20¢ per record to cover cost of mailing.

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- 2. The Wonderful World of Jonathan Winters \$4.98
- 3. Beat Generation Jazz Poetry \$3.98
- 4. Pat Harrington Jr. at Guido Panzini \$3.98
- 5. Mike Nichols and Elaine May \$3.98
- 6. Wet Toe in a Hot Socket! \$4.98
- 7. Peter Ustinov vs. Sports Cars \$4.98
- 8. Smash Flops — Ill-Timed Songs \$4.98
- 9. Lenny Bruce, Togetherness \$4.98
- 10. Lenny Bruce's Interviews of Our Times \$4.98
- 11. The Buttondown Heart of Bob Newhart \$3.98
- 12. Flanders & Swann in B'way Hit — At The Drop of a Hat \$4.98
- 13. Spike Jones in Hi-Fi \$3.98
- 14. Mort Sahl — The Future Lies Ahead \$4.98

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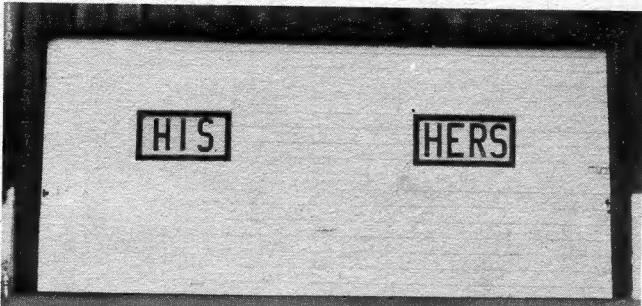
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For the guy and gal with everything and two cars to put it in, here are "HIS and HER" Garage Door Markers in beautiful mahogany. Each letter is individually die-cut and measures 3 x 5 inches. Also makes perfect markers for pool side cabanas, twin bed headboards, etc.

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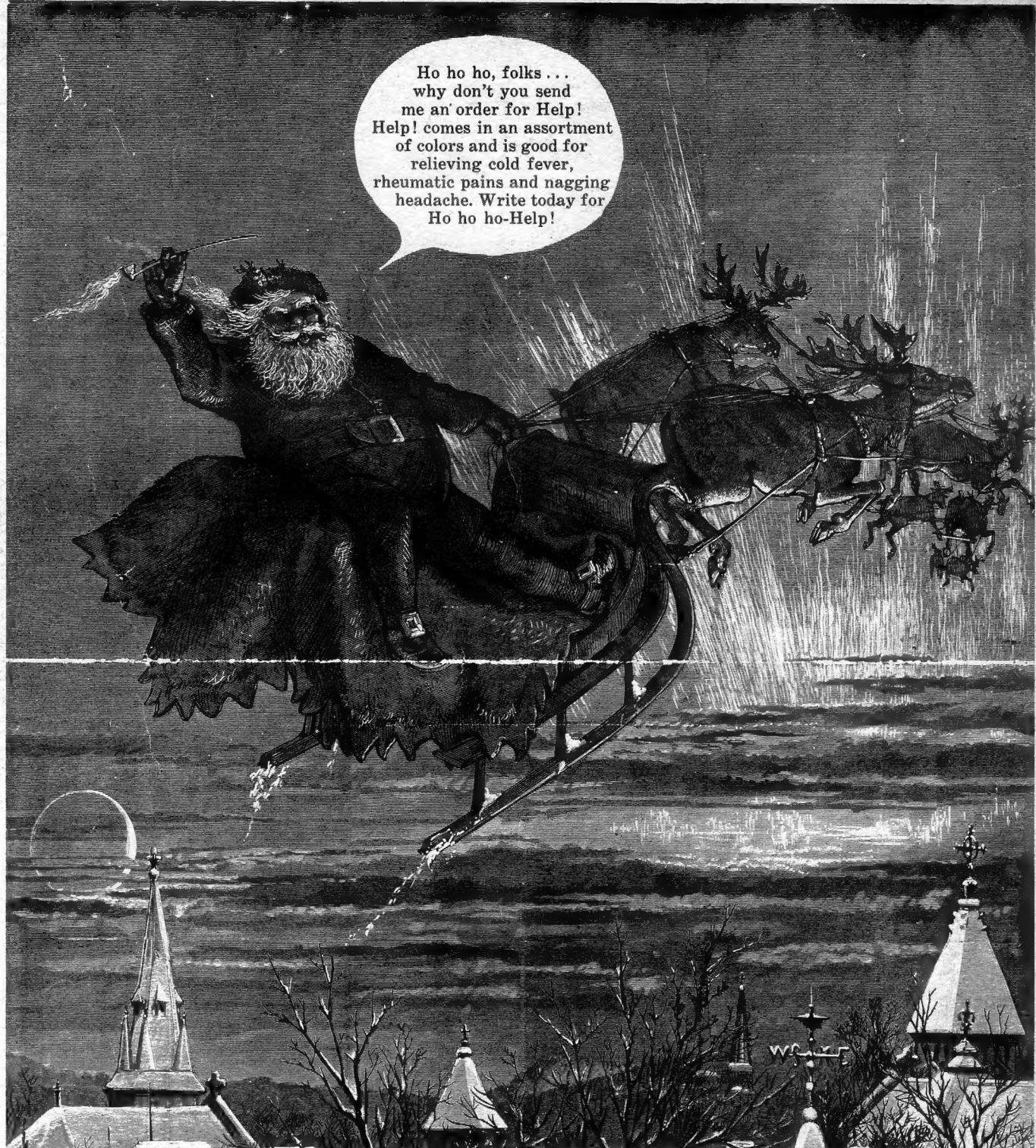
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**see? you're feeling
better already**